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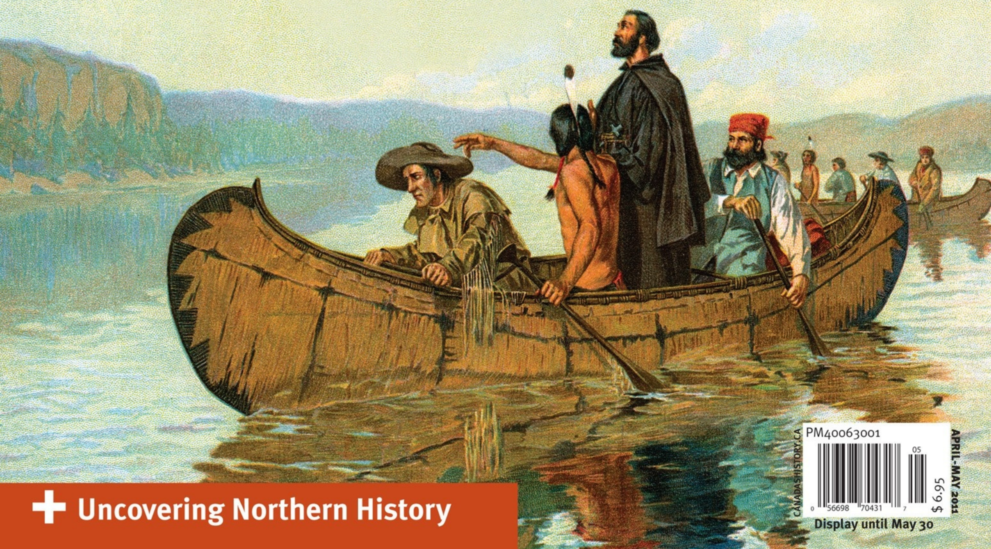

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Features

16 **Our Polar Past**
The footprints of human history have made deep and lasting impacts in Canada's Arctic. We explore the historic sites of the Far North. *by Ken Mcgoogan*

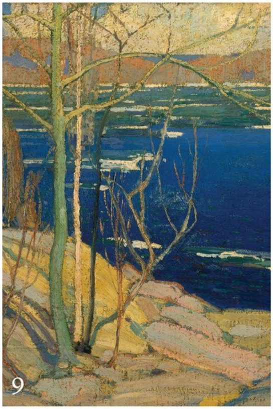
24 **In God's Name**
Four hundred years ago, the Jesuits came to New France to spread their version of salvation. For this militant religious order, the New World was no less than a holy battleground against Satan's empire. *by Dominque Deslandres*

32 **Deadly Secret**
Asbestos miners in Quebec had long known their work was killing them. The industry knew it, too, but kept the evidence under wraps. *by Lorraine Mallinder*

39 **Driving Ambition**
A parish priest shocks Prince Edward Island with a devilish contraption — one of Canada's first cars. *by James Mays and Ryan Rogers*

COVER: CORBIS

CONTENTS



Departments

7 Letters Spy on the wall. Residential schools.

9 Brush Strokes Natural beauty in Tom Thomson's *Spring Ice*.

14 Trading Post Waving the flag for the Hudson's Bay Company. Plus, stories from past pages of *The Beaver* magazine.

15 Roots Travelling to see family takes on new meaning.

42 Reviews Family feud. Principally restrained. Words as bombs. More books: Working women, Flanders' fallen.

47 Open Book An excerpt from Christopher Pennington's new book *The Destiny of Canada*.

50 Explorations "Home sick" with the Spanish flu.

52 Tina Loo Ignorance of history fuels potash pushback.

54 Christopher Moore Canada's "history wars" a sham.

57 Getaway Exploring Newfoundland's Avalon Peninsula.

60 History Matters Canadian history TV in the dumps.

61 Your Story Remembering Toronto's outdoor markets.

62 Album Hard times on the farm.

Currents

10 Hidden heritage All Saint's Church owes its form to United Empire Loyalists who settled in Nova Scotia.

11 Laugh lines The loss of life in the raid on Dieppe is contrasted with the sacrifices made by civilians in Canada.

12 Our home and native The popular IMAX motion picture format derived from experiments at Expo 67.

12 News Prince Edward Island archaeologists sort through the trash of an eighteenth-century Acadian village.

13 Living history Toronto's dramatic art deco architecture is documented in an award-winning book.

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History on ice

When Sir John Franklin sailed to the Arctic in 1845 in search of the Northwest Passage, he hoped to become part of history.

Well, he didn't discover the passage, but he certainly became a key figure in Canadian textbooks. He's primarily remembered for the sobering circumstances of his death, as well as for the Herculean efforts to find his lost expedition. Today, the windswept graves that mark the final end of Franklin's doomed crew are just one part of the rich historical mosaic that makes up the story of the Arctic.

In this issue, we continue our six-part series celebrating Parks Canada's centennial by heading north to explore Canada's polar history and heritage. In "Our Polar Past," award-winning author Ken McGoogan takes us on a tour of some of the most historic sites in the North and details the important work Parks Canada staff is doing to preserve and protect these sites for future generations.

One key site is Fort Conger, located on Ellesmere Island in Nunavut. Fort Conger is arguably most famous as the site Robert Peary used as a base station during his three daunting attempts to make it to the North Pole, which he claimed to have reached April 6, 1909. Recently, Parks Canada used high-tech methods to create 3-D maps of the historically significant site.

Parks Canada is also trying to broaden the types of stories we tell about the North. Arctic exploration by European explorers is just one side of the story. The histories of the First Nations and Inuit peoples of the North have for too long been obscured.

Through a range of methods, including archaeology and oral history, Parks Canada is working to illuminate these lesser-known or ignored histories.

Elsewhere in this issue, we feature the disturbing tale of a 1940s-era cover-up of evidence linking asbestos to cancer among Quebec miners. "Deadly Secret," by Lorraine Mallinder, is a story that crosses countries and continents, from the mining town of Asbestos, Quebec, to New York State and South Africa.

We also bring you "In God's Name" by Dominique Deslandres, the story of the first Jesuits who came to Canada four hundred years ago; "Driving Ambition," by James C. Mays and Ryan Rogers, which details an ill-fated attempt to introduce a car to nineteenth-century Prince Edward Island; and "Home Sick," by Paul A. Erickson, an Explorations article about how Halifax handled the Spanish flu pandemic of 1918–19.

Finally, we want to extend an invitation to you, our readers, to enter our Storied Places Contest. Send us a short essay that names your favourite National Historic Site, along with your fondest memories of visiting it, and you could win a terrific cruise from Greenland along the northern coast of Newfoundland and Labrador.

The contest closes July 25, 2011, so send us your entries as soon as possible. For more details, check out our advertisement on page 59, or go to CanadasHistory.ca.

Mark Reid

MARIANNE HELM

Contributors

"In God's Name" was written by Dominque Deslandres, a professor in the history department of the Université de Montréal, where she helped create the Centre d'Études des Religions in 2000. Deslandres' work focuses on the comparative history of European and American socio-religious mentalities during the early modern period. Her book, *Croire et faire croire: identité, altérité et missions françaises au* 17^{e} *siècle*, won the Canadian Historical Association's 2004 Macdonald Prize.

Paul A. Erickson, who wrote the Explorations article on the Spanish influenza pandemic entitled "Home Sick," is a professor and chair of anthropology at Saint Mary's University in Halifax. He is the author or editor of more than ten books, including *Historic North End Halifax* (2004), *Underground Halifax* (2005) and *Underground Nova Scotia* (2010). Erickson is also vice-president of Heritage Trust of Nova Scotia and is a long-time supporter of built heritage in the province, particularly Halifax.

James C. Mays, co-author of "Driving Ambition," is a respected authority on the history of the Canadian automotive industry. Mays is an award-winning author with thirty-two books to his credit, including eight automotive histories. A permanent collection of his automotive works and original research is housed at the University of Windsor's Leddy Library in the James Mays Collection. Ryan Rogers, who co-wrote the article, is a writer and journalist in Peterborough, Ontario.

Lorraine Mallinder, a journalist based in Montreal, wrote "Deadly Secret." Originally from Scotland, she has lived and worked in a number of countries, including Mauritius, Mexico, Palestine, and Belgium. She embarked on a freelance career after her arrival in Canada in 2008. Previously, she spent five years in Brussels, where she covered business, finance, and economics for *European Voice*, sister newspaper of *The Economist*. She has contributed to a variety of outlets in North America and Europe.

Spy on the wall

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The cartoon in Charles Hou's article "Lampooning Laurier" (Laugh lines December 2010–January 2011) exemplifies the anti-German and anti-Kaiser sentiment prevalent in Canada during the First World War, sentiment that led to a new name for at least one community (Berlin became Kitchener). Another example — a wall carving on Canada's Parliament Building in Ottawa — depicts Kaiser Wilhelm II and a German spy. The original Parliament Building was destroyed by fire in 1916. The design of its replacement, like that of the original, is in the Gothic style of architecture. The *Ottawa Citizen*'s February 17, 1919, issue referred to the Vimy Ridge memorial on the building's west wall. R.F. Fleming wrote that it portrayed "the faces of the masked German spy and the ex-Kaiser, indicative of the iniquity of the Hun and his secret hand, which Vimy Ridge heroes helped to overthrow." *(Editor's note: Go to CanadasHistory.ca to see photos of sculptures.)*

Like the cartoon with Charles Hou's article, a part of the sculptural decoration of Canada's Parliament Building illustrates the strong anti-German sentiment that developed in Canada in WWI.

Thomas Ritchie
Ottawa

Smoking cold

The very evocative painting *The Ice Harvest* by Maurice Cullen, which is featured in Brush Strokes of the December, 2010–January 2011 issue of *Canada's History* magazine, contains one special detail that is not commented upon by a numbered note, but which I think deserves to be brought to the attention of your readers. I am referring in particular to the grey mass of swirling mist or snow in the right background, which could be a snow-flurry, but is too intense and clearly delineated for that.

As a retired icebreaker captain from the Canadian Coast Guard, it speaks to me of the wonderful observation of nature by the artist, who has captured the phenomenon of "sea-smoke" from open water exactly as it appears. … The air temperature has to be below minus-eighteen degrees Celsius (zero degrees Fahrenheit) for this phenomenon to occur, so this painting records a particularly cold day, perfect for cutting ice.

Captain Patrick R.M.Toomey
Canadian Coast Guard (retired)
Kingston, Ontario

Familiar face

Imagine my delight and surprise upon opening my *Canada's History* at page 35 of the October–November 2010 issue to see my husband smiling on deck of HMCS *Assiniboine*.

He was on this ship for the years 1940–1945 and fortunately returned to Canada in fairly good health. He died in 2006.

I have been receiving *The Beaver* for many years and always enjoyed it. This photo brought back many happy memories.

Audrey Cameron
Guelph, Ontario

Residential schools

I love your magazine. When I was much younger, I used to devour *The Beaver*, always wishing I could afford a subscription. So now I am delighted to be able to subscribe to its new incarnation.

I would like to comment on the "The Indian in the Child" by Stephanie Wood (History Matters, October–November 2010), obviously a very talented, passionate young person. Her story about the residential school experience is no doubt well intentioned, but one-sided, in her case forgivable because of her youth.

What is missing in all the discussions about how devastating the residential schools were is that the vast majority of children who went through that system were not abused.

Most of the teachers were dedicated, well-meaning people, and some sacrificed their own entitlements in order to provide extras for the children in the often underfunded schools. The children were disciplined, yes, but no more harshly than most school students during those times. Those who were abused and bear psychological scars deserve our compassion and help.

I know Indian people (including some family members) who are successful, some with university degrees (including Ph.D.s) who believe that if it were not for the residential schools they would not be where they are, and the Aboriginal people would be much worse off today.

Mary C. Beaussart
Richmond, B.C.

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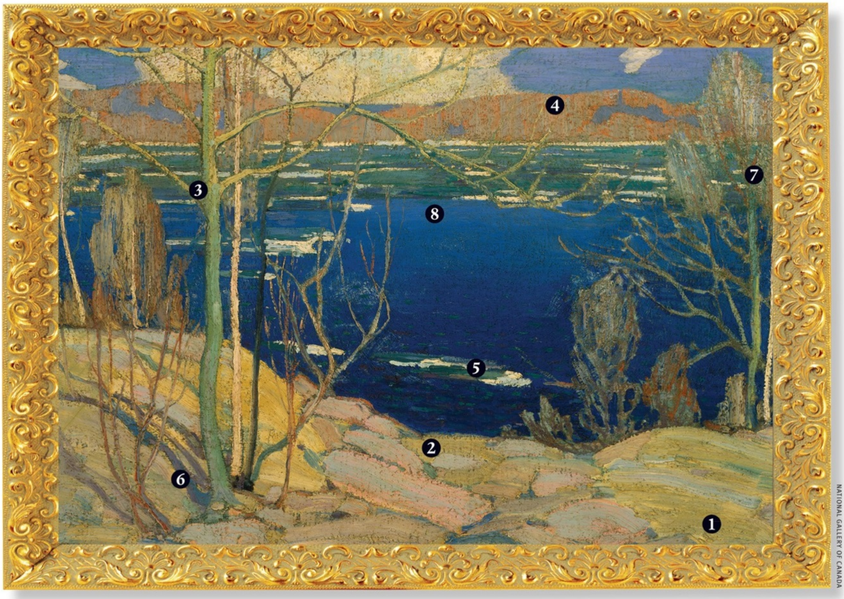


NATIONAL GALLERY OF CANADA

Finding beauty

Tom Thomson was a prolific painter of Canadian landscapes.

❶ Tom Thomson painted *Spring Ice* at Canoe Lake, in Algonquin Park. It was exhibited in the Ontario Society of Artists Forty-fourth Annual Exhibition, Toronto, in 1916. The National Gallery then purchased the oil painting for three hundred dollars.

❷ Tom Thomson became an expert canoeist, and many of his major paintings started as sketches done outdoors. This work measures 72 by 102.3 centimetres and was drawn onsite and expanded into a painting in his studio.

❸ In 1909, Thomson went to work as a graphic designer at Toronto's Grip Ltd. There he honed his drafting skills and produced commercial work in the stylized Art Nouveau manner and the flat, simplified Arts and Crafts style — influences that later appeared in this and other paintings.

❹ While working at the photoengraving house, Thomson met head designer J.E.H. MacDonald and fellow employees Arthur Lismer, Frederick Varley, Frank Carmichael, and Franz Johnston. Together they took weekend painting trips to the countryside.

❺ In a letter Thomson wrote to his benefactor, Dr. James MacCallum, about his landscape paintings, he noted, "the best I can do does not do the place much justice in the way of beauty."

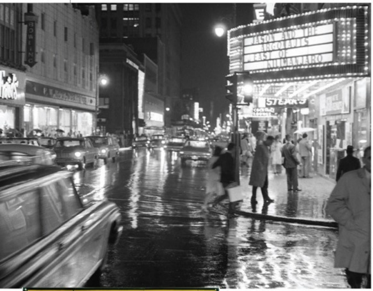
❻ By the time this painting was produced, Thomson had developed his own unique personal style using expressive brush strokes and bold colour combinations.

❼ Artist A.Y. Jackson wrote how Thomson found beauty in the commonplace, saying "to most people Thomson's country was a monotonous dreary waste, yet out of one little stretch he found riches undreamed of."

❽ This is one of approximately fifty canvases and 350 sketches Thomson completed prior to his untimely death, which was officially reported as a drowning on Canoe Lake, Algonquin Park, Ontario, in 1917, at the age of thirty-nine.

Street culture

Montreal's Pointe-à-Callière Museum of Archaeology and History is shining a spotlight on the city's most emblematic thoroughfare with the exhibition Sainte-Catherine Street Makes the Headlines and an accompanying book by historian Paul-André Linteau. Both explore the street's impact over the past 250 years on the city's social, cultural, and economic development. In 1760, Sainte-Catherine was bordered by fields, orchards, and only a few houses. Beginning in the late nineteenth century, it became a shopping mecca, then hosted the sporting triumphs of the Montreal Canadiens hockey team, and now is at the heart of the city's Quartier des spectacles entertainment district. The exhibition displays hundreds of artifacts, films, and photographs, including this photo of a street scene from 1963 and the sign shown here from the Steinberg store. It continues until April 24.



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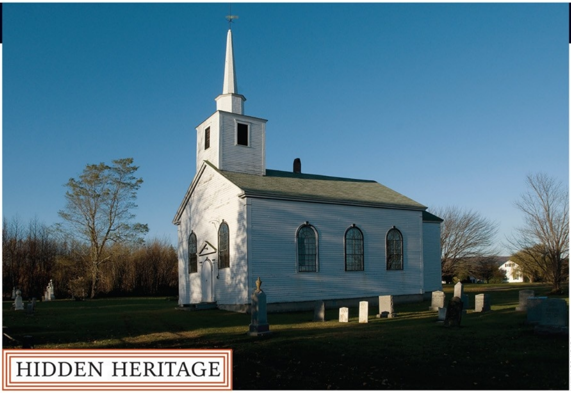


PETER COFFMAN

HIDDEN HERITAGE

All Saints Church

Granville Centre, Nova Scotia, designed by Charles Inglis, built 1814

All Saints Church in Granville Centre is inextricably linked to the United Empire Loyalists who settled in Nova Scotia after the American Revolution, and to the wave of church-building that followed their arrival.

In 1787, one of those newcomers, Charles Inglis, became the first bishop of Nova Scotia — and the first colonial bishop in the history of the Anglican Church. A fiercely staunch Loyalist, for whom fidelity to the Crown and to the established Church were inseparable, Inglis used architecture to make an indelibly English and Anglican mark on the landscape.

Inglis's building type of choice was the "Gibbsian preaching box," as shown to perfection at All Saints. The type is named after James Gibbs, an eighteenth-century Scottish Roman Catholic who became the most influential architect of English Protestant churches.

The recipe for the Gibbsian preaching box was simple: Take a classical ancient Greek or Roman temple (picture a rectangular building proportioned roughly like a shoebox, with a shallow V-shaped roof), add a needle-like spire to the outside, fill the inside with multiple levels of seating, and presto — you have the archetype of the Protestant church in the English-speaking world for generations.

For over two centuries, these crisp, serene, classical temples and their distinctive silhouettes have announced the Anglican Loyalist presence in Nova Scotia with unmistakable clarity. But there are now only a few left. All Saints Church was dismantled and sold to an American buyer in the autumn of 2009. **— Peter Coffman**

Contributed by the Society for the Study of Architecture in Canada, a learned society devoted to the examination of Canada's built environment. See canada-architecture.org.

TAKE THE DAY OFF

April 5

To honour Fran Phipps, who on this day in 1971 became the first woman to reach the North Pole. Check your compass.

April 12

To remember the day in 1751 when the Marquis de la Jonquière asked that all Acadians from British territory swear an oath of allegiance to France and join the militia. Avoid the frying pan and the fire.

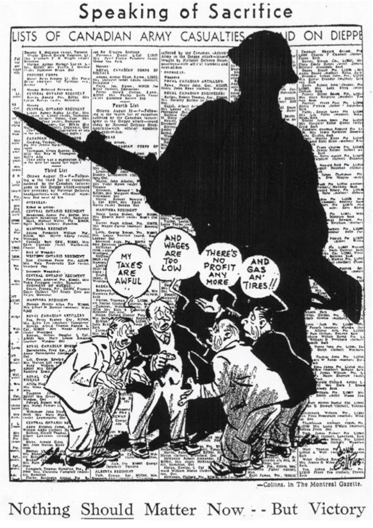
LAUGH LINES

The costs of war

On August 19, 1942, the Canadian Army led a commando raid on the port city of Dieppe on the north coast of France. The Allies felt they would have to capture a port in order to launch a successful invasion of France from Britain, and they designed the raid as a "reconnaissance in force" to test German defences.

The invasion was a failure. The force did not achieve its objectives, and of the nearly five thousand Canadian soldiers who took part in the raid more than nine hundred were killed and thirteen hundred were taken prisoner.

The raid did at least provide valuable experience for later amphibious assaults in North Africa, Italy, and Normandy. John Collins' cartoon put into perspective the financial and other sacrifices made by civilians on the home front. **— Charles Hou**


Speaking of Sacrifice
LISTS OF CANADIAN ARMY CASUALTIES ID ON DIEPPE
MY TAXES ARE AWFUL
AND WAGES ARE TOO LOW
THERE'S NO PROFIT ANY MORE
AND GAS AN' TIRES!!
—Collins. In The Montreal Gazette.
Nothing Should Matter Now - - But Victory

This cartoon by John Collins appeared in the October 4, 1942, edition of the *Montreal Gazette*.

BY THE NUMBERS

Cobalt bomb

Sixty years ago, Canada ushered in the modern era of cancer treatment throughout the world by developing cobalt-60 radiotherapy, nicknamed the "cobalt bomb." Reliable and cost-effective, the treatment bombarded cancer cells located deep in the body with neutralizing X-rays. It was the first form of cancer treatment that permitted doctors to successfully address most types of the disease in a broad spectrum of patients. In 1965, other cancer therapies replaced cobalt-60 treatment in Canada, but the technique is still used in many countries.

2 Number of research teams involved, including one at the University of Saskatchewan and one at London, Ontario's Victoria General Hospital.

3 Number of sectors involved — scientific institutions, government, and industry — in a co-operative relationship considered unique to Canada.

18 Date in August of 1951 when the Saskatoon team under Dr. Harold Johns designed the first unit. The London hospital treated the first patient on October 27.

53 Number of countries that purchased the cobalt-60 machine between 1951 and 1971, laying the basis for Canada's X-ray supply industry.

21 Number of years the original machine remained in service in Saskatoon, treating 6,728 patients.

75 The cure rate for cervical cancer rose to 75 percent from 25 percent after cobalt-60 treatment was invented.

7 million Number of people who have benefited from cobalt-60 treatment worldwide.

— Compiled by Nelle Oosterom

May 4

To note the charter in 1910 of the Canadian Northern Alberta Railway, which would run from St. Albert to the British Columbia border. Ride the rails.

May 15

To mark the day when over 30,000 workers left their jobs to begin the Winnipeg General Strike of 1919. Have a parade.

May 24

To commemorate the 1881 sinking of the *Victoria* on the Thames River near London, Ontario. Nearly two hundred died while celebrating Queen Victoria's sixty-second birthday. Sing "God Save the Queen."

OUR HOME & NATIVE

IMAX

The large motion picture format shown in theatres around the world had its beginnings in Canada's National Film Board and in the creative energies showcased at Montreal's Expo 67.

Graeme Ferguson and Roman Kroitor had both been interns at the NFB, and Kroitor was employed there when he proposed a multi-screen experimental film for the Expo. Ferguson, meanwhile, worked as an independent filmmaker and was asked to make his own film for Expo 67. He approached his former Galt, Ontario, schoolmate Robert Kerr to set up a production company.

At Expo 67, experimental film projections using many screens and projectors in different arrangements were a huge success, and the Fuji company asked Kroitor to participate in Expo 70 in Osaka, Japan. He and Ferguson discussed the possibility of using a single projector to improve image quality and reduce complications. With Kerr they formed the Multiscreen Corporation, which soon changed its name to IMAX.

Extending techniques developed in Norway and Australia, and with help from another former Galt schoolmate, Bill Shaw, the company developed a large-format projector and camera in time to show the film *Tiger Child* in Osaka.

The following year, the first permanent IMAX theatre opened at Ontario Place in Toronto. — **Phil Koch**

Acadian village

P.E.I. dig shines light on early eighteenth century

Archaeologist Helen Kristmanson spent the summer of 2010 sifting through the red earth of Prince Edward Island, only to find the 250-year-old trash of a long-gone community. And she couldn't have been happier.

"As archaeologists, we're always looking at garbage, what's left behind," said Kristmanson, director of Aboriginal affairs and archaeology for the P.E.I. government. "In this case, we are really looking at a fragmented record of history. And yet it has given us so much to go on."

What she and a team of local volunteers found are the remnants of one of Canada's first Acadian communities — a significant historical find, she says. "There are very few archaeological sites known to be Acadian that are found on the island."

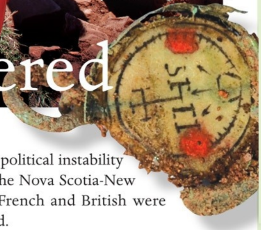
Her team's Pointe-aux-Vieux dig is located on the shore of Malpeque Bay, on the island's north side. Founded in 1728, the community of French settlers grew to about two hundred people before they were deported by the British in the 1750s.

Local historian Georges Arsenault, one of the descendants of the original settlers, traced the village's origins to three founding families who home-

The Pointe-aux-Vieux dig site on the shore of Prince Edward Island's Malpeque Bay.

MEGHAN FERRIS, ABORIGINAL AFFAIRS AND ARCHAEOLOGY, PROVINCE OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

uncovered



A religious pendant recovered after 250 years underground.

steaded there to escape the political instability of their former homes on the Nova Scotia-New Brunswick border, where French and British were vying for control of the land.

During the four-week summer dig, Kristmanson says she "chased the walls" of what was once a one-and-a-half storey home. "This find is shedding new light on early Acadian period architecture, an area about which we don't have a lot of literature."

Historical records show the families knew they were to be deported, so they were able to take most of their possessions. But Kristmanson and her team were still able to find several artifacts — belongings likely lost when they slipped through the home's floorboards — as well as centuries-old garbage.

"One of the interesting things we found is a religious pendant the size of a dime," she said. "It still has two bright red dots on it — really remarkable, considering how long it's been sitting in the dirt."

While Kristmanson's team plans to continue its work this summer, the province is designating Pointe-aux-Vieux a protected archaeological site. — **Joel Schlesinger**

THE · TORONTO · STOCK · EXCHANGE

A limestone frieze runs across the facade of the 1937 Toronto Stock Exchange, while carved-stone totem poles flank the entry to the Runnymede Library, below.

TIM MORAWETZ

LIVING HISTORY

Spirited decor

RUNNYMEDE BRANCH

TIM MORAWETZ

After photographing art deco buildings for over three decades, Tim Morawetz recently published a book that showcases the style's many outstanding examples in his home city of Toronto.

Art deco was in vogue for only a couple of decades just before the middle of the twentieth century, but it left an impressive legacy.

Morawetz was first drawn to the sometimes streamlined and often dramatically decorated buildings by a university art history course. For twenty years, he dreamed of using his photographs to produce a book. But it was only in 2008 that he conceived the idea of publishing it in time for the 2009 World Congress of Art Deco in Montreal in order to "get Toronto art deco on the map."

The resulting book, *Art Deco Architecture in Toronto: A guide to the city's buildings from the Roaring Twenties and the Depression*, was recognized with a 2010 Heritage Toronto Award of Merit.

Morawetz credits designer Catherine Hamill with accommodating a variety of elements and says the book very deliberately walks the line "between being an elegant coffee table book [and] a very practical guidebook." It includes maps, a glossary, and brief biographies of the architects behind the buildings, as well as hundreds of photos — some of them historical — and descriptions of several dozen buildings.

One of Morawetz's favourites is the stone and brick Horse Palace designed by J.J. Woolnough. "What I especially love about the Horse Palace is that he has used the visual language of a horse as decoration in a number of places in the building."

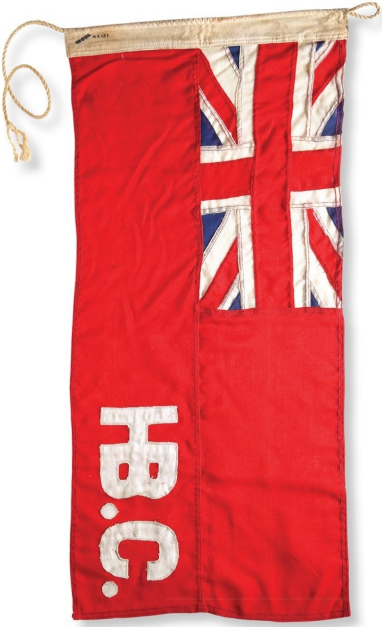
Morawetz says art deco buildings speak to people because their architects very deliberately tried to capture the spirit of their day, to celebrate a specific time and place. "This is an era that is important to preserve because it's a key part of the city fabric," he maintains.

Yet buildings of this period are particularly at risk, he says, because they're not seen as old enough to be automatically of historical significance, and are not new enough to be equipped with modern amenities. Notable losses include buildings for the *Toronto Star* and *Globe and Mail* that were demolished in the 1970s.

Morawetz has photographed buildings across the country, and he hopes his book will inspire others to look more closely at what's in their own cities and towns. See more of his photos, and find out how to order his book, at CanadasHistory.ca. — **Phil Koch**

TALES AND TREASURES

From the rich legacy of the Hudson's Bay Company



AX 151, HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY FLAG, 1920, COTTON ON CANVAS, 100.33 X 111.76 X 1.27 CM, COLLECTION OF GLENBOW MUSEUM, CALGARY, CANADA

Hudson's Bay Company flag

This bright red flag is a variation of the 1682 British Royal Navy's Red Ensign. It flew when the Hudson's Bay Company held its 250th-anniversary parade at Lower Fort Garry, Manitoba, on May 2, 1920. The pageant commemorated the gift of exclusive trading rights in the Hudson Bay drainage basin by Charles II in 1670. This endowment gave HBC a land base that was six times the size of Alberta.

— **B.T.**

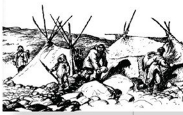
In The Beaver …

90 years ago

Cross Lake post

Charles H.M. Gordon described the Cross Lake post, situated on the Nelson River, sixty miles northwest of Norway House, Manitoba, in the August–September 1921 issue. He wondered why so many families in the area had the surname McKay or Ross. It was because chief factor Roderick Ross and Indian agent Angus McKay gave the residents these names in 1881 "to simplify matters and make it easier to transcribe." This included all who had "long names" who were living on the Indian reserve.

60 years ago

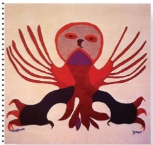


Northern transitions

In "Out of the Stone Age," author Peter Freuchen noted the changes that had come about in the lives of the Inuit and First Nations. The author saw the advance of civilization as positive because it brought steel knives, matches, and cooking pots that made life easier. The lengthy 1951 article is illustrated by Lloyd Scott to show the days before the "white man with his inventions and tools."

30 years ago

Woven art



Talent abounded in the Pangnirtung weaving shop. In August 1981, Charlotte and Edward Lindgren wrote about the artists and craftspeople of this Inuit hamlet on Baffin Island. They had been involved with the local weaving program for three years. The article is graced with photographs of the attractive tapestries, which were exhibited at the Upstairs Gallery, Winnipeg, in May 1981.

The Hudson's Bay Company, founded in 1670, launched *The Beaver* (now *Canada's History* magazine) in 1920. To explore the history and heritage of the Hudson's Bay Company, and to read stories from ninety-one years of its flagship magazine, go to **CanadasHistory.ca**.

Dropping in on the ancestors

Travelling to find your forebears gives new meaning to the idea of a family vacation. by Paul Jones

As a child did you ever journey many miles to visit your granny? If so, you committed roots tourism, which we might define as travel for the purpose of connecting with earlier generations. Clearly there's no more direct or meaningful connection than face-to-face contact. To this day I remember with awe visits to my great-grandparents. In their childhoods they had met elderly folk who remembered the 1700s. Yet during their lifetimes they saw the coming of electricity, the car, the airplane, penicillin, nuclear weapons, universal suffrage, and two world wars. And today we say that the pace of change has never been greater. What a load of narcissistic codswallop!

Of course you have to know something about the past to render this judgment, which is why visiting granny is generally a good idea, and most of us did it. Problem is, we usually squandered the opportunity. We didn't systematically ask about her life as a young woman, her parents and grandparents, the changes she saw. And now she's long gone and beyond the reach of curiosity. Fortunately you and I are still around; but by the time our grandkids are wise enough to show any interest in our experiences, we'll be on Granny's side of the turf. Maybe it's time to get proactive about writing up our stories.

In the meantime, you might want to enrich the narrative by visiting ancestral haunts, whether within North America or overseas. Even those with little interest in family history can enjoy strolling the streets their forebears once knew intimately.

Several years ago, for example, my cousin and I sought out one of the most bucolic villages in Somerset, England, where our fifth-great-grandparents Jones had lived in the 1780s. Just as we were leaving the tiny churchyard, a local materialized with a key and insisted we inspect the interior of the church. There, not far from the sarcophagus of a crusader, stood the font in which our fourth-great-grandfather had been baptized.

If you're lucky, some hometown folk will still remember your family. Or maybe second or third cousins continue to live in the area. Ask at the post office or community centre about local historians or long-time residents who might know.

In my grandfather's birthplace, my cousin struck up a conversation with an elderly woman he'd just met on the street. Not only did she know our grandfather from her childhood, but she recalled that he often went ferret hunting with her father. Who knew?

If you're lucky, some hometown folk will still remember your family. Or maybe second or third cousins...

Too much of this kind of anecdote and you'll soon be craving the harder stuff — information found only in libraries, archives, and other repositories. Yes, you can discover a huge amount on the Internet. But often the best stuff has never been filmed, let alone digitized or indexed. For these resources, a bricks-and-mortar site visit is essential.

An example: My grandfather Jones was born out of wedlock in the 1890s. Through the years several other surnames were whispered in idle chatter about his paternal origins. Over time, all were explained away, except one. Apparently, it was said, my grandfather liked to use the surname Davis when he was young.

Some time later, it struck me that there is an institution obliged to maintain records about children — the school system. So, on my next trip to Britain I visited the county record office that held the school register for my grandfather's hometown. There he was, enrolling in the infants' school at age three, with the surname Davis. Far from being a name he applied to himself, Davis was in fact what adults called him, presumably in knowledge of his father's identity. (Then as now, three-year-olds didn't get to decide what name to register under in nursery school.)

The moral of this story: The Internet has lots of information, but the knowledge that will reshape your understanding of the past most likely sits on a library shelf.

Once you start travelling to find documents, your life will change. You'll become familiar with a wide array of abbreviations, such as LAC (Library and Archives Canada) TNA (The National Archives, UK), NARA (National Archives and Records Administration, Washington, DC), and FHL (Family History Library, Salt Lake City). You'll learn to plan your trip so as to maximize your travel dollar. There's no point looking up records in person that you could have accessed back home by other means.

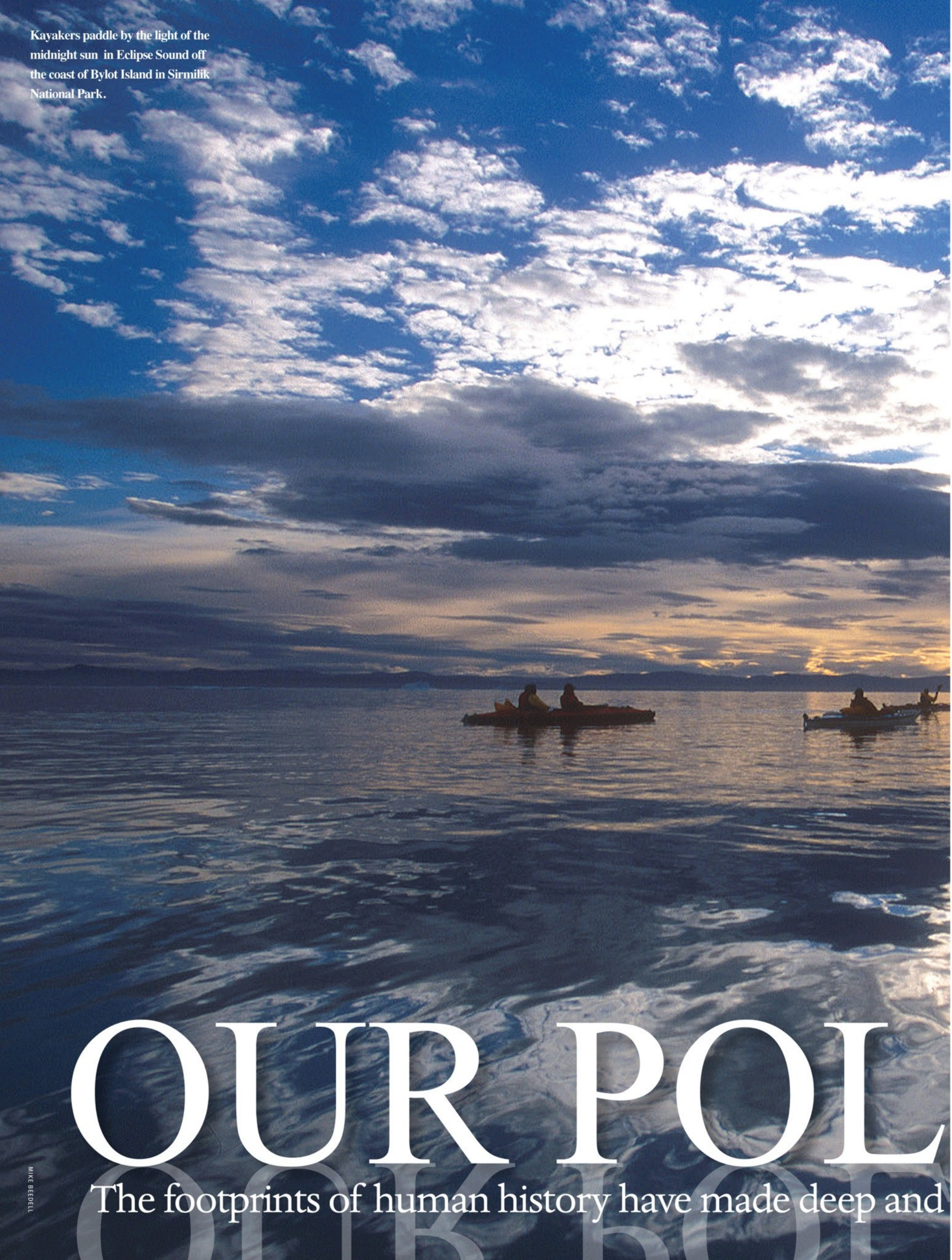
You'll also need to know how to record what you find. Are you allowed to use a digital camera? A laptop? A portable scanner? A pen? Sometimes the answer is "no" to all of the above, but pencils are usually OK.

And, most importantly, you'll have to figure out how to persuade your spouse that you really, really need to visit an obscure provincial town for the fifth time in a decade.

I suspect my gran would have had little truck with such excess. "The dead are best left buried," she'd sniff — or, at least, so I imagine.

I can't be confident until I've done a lot more research.

Paul Jones, a former publisher, is a writer, a consultant, and an avid geneaological researcher and volunteer.

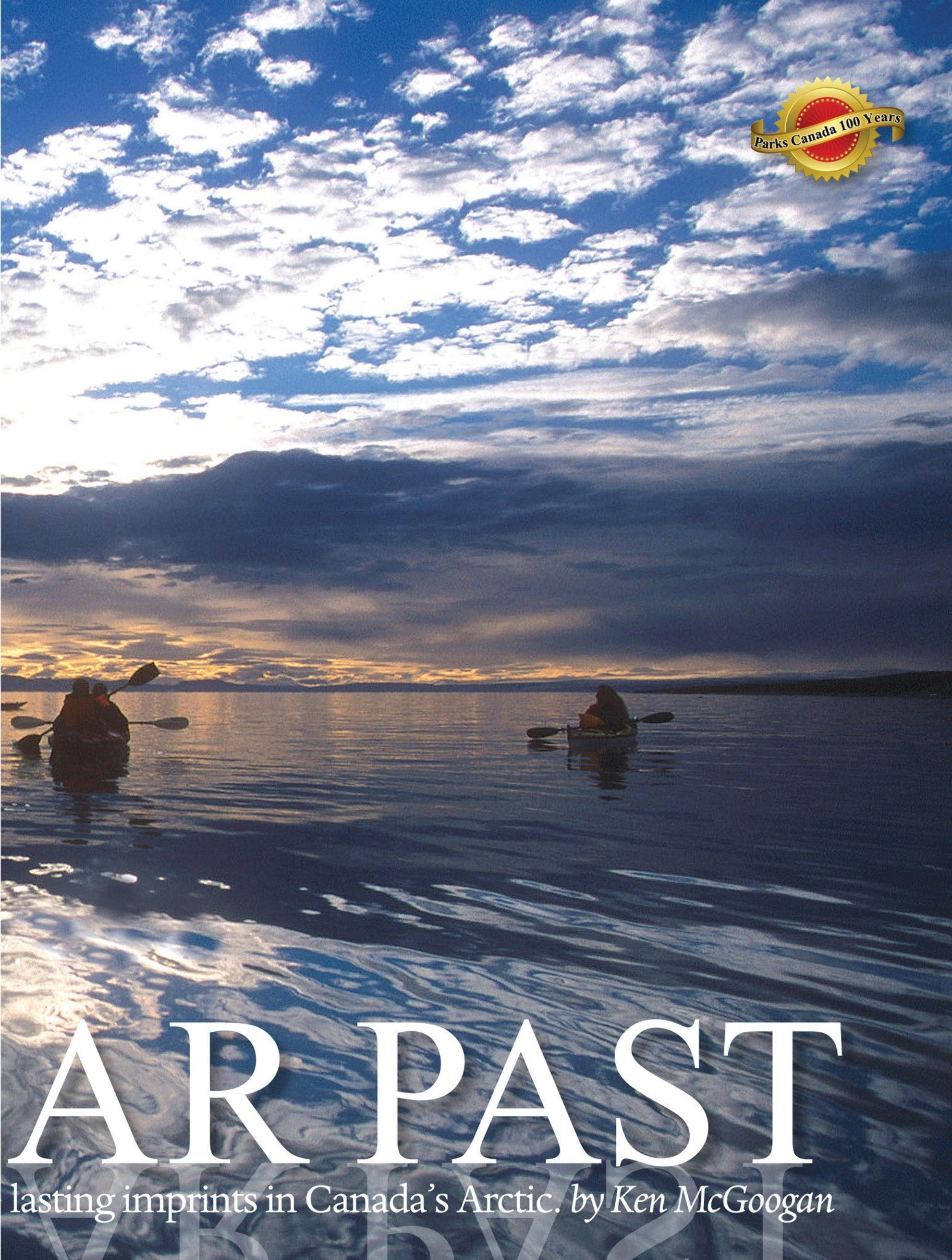


Kayakers paddle by the light of the midnight sun in Eclipse Sound off the coast of Bylot Island in Sirmilik National Park.

MIKE BEEDELL

OUR POL

The footprints of human history have made deep and

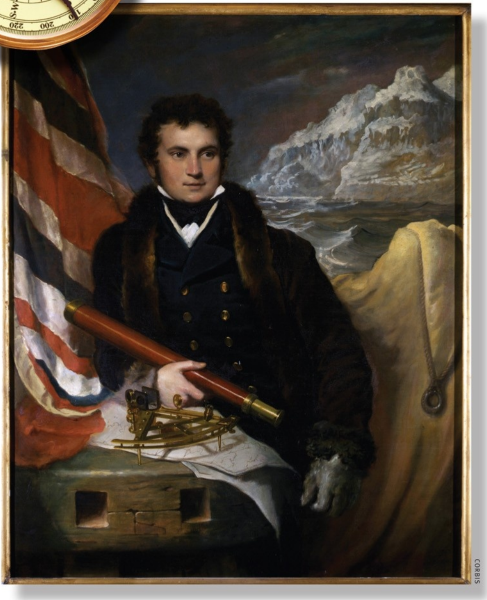


Parks Canada 100 Years

AR PAST

lasting imprints in Canada's Arctic. *by Ken McGoogan*

> *"I THINK THE FUTURE OF THE NORTH LIES IN SOMETHING MUCH MORE PERMANENT THAN PLUNDER. I THINK IT LIES IN THE PRESENCE OF THE LAND, LARGELY UNTOUCHED, AND ITS HISTORY."*
>
> — PIERRE BERTON, 1973



CORBIS

Above: Sir William Edward Parry led three expeditions in search of the Northwest Passage in the early part of the nineteenth century.

During the summer of 1853, while traipsing across the Arctic tundra, searching for the lost expedition of Sir John Franklin, British explorer Leopold McClintock came upon what looked like a fresh set of cart tracks. Stunned, he bent to examine them. Careful study revealed that the tracks were not fresh at all. In fact, they had been made thirty-three years before by another Arctic explorer — Sir William Edward Parry.

Again, consider the famous photographs of the three Franklin-Expedition sailors whose bodies were exhumed from their graves on Beechey Island in the 1980s. Their haunting faces stare out at us little changed from when they were buried in the 1840s.

The Arctic has a way of preserving the past, of freezing it into the permafrost. Yet even the Arctic needs help keeping history alive. For this reason, as well as for maintaining animal habitats and the natural world, Parks Canada has been creating national parks throughout the Far North, even though relatively few people will visit them in the near future.

The Arctic parks include places like Quttinirpaaq National Park, located on Ellesmere Island, seven hundred kilometres south of the North Pole. Variable ice and weather conditions make getting there difficult. About 150 people make it to the park annually. Quttinirpaaq is accessible mainly by air from Resolute, nine hundred kilometres to the south, although ice-breaking cruise ships have in recent years called in for brief visits. The big attraction is Fort Conger, built in 1881 by explorer Adolphus Greeley, and visited three times by Robert Peary during his turn-of-the-twentieth-century attempts to reach the North Pole.

Aulavik on Banks Island, which is rich in archaeological sites dating back 3,500 years to the pre-Dorset era, is only marginally easier to reach. But here we find evidence of the Arctic's earliest human habitation. One pre-Dorset site, near Shoran Lake, dates back to 1500 BC and includes rings of stones that once held down the edges of dwelling tents. Flint scrapers, bone harpoon heads, and needles have been found nearby.

Such sites cry out for protection and preservation.

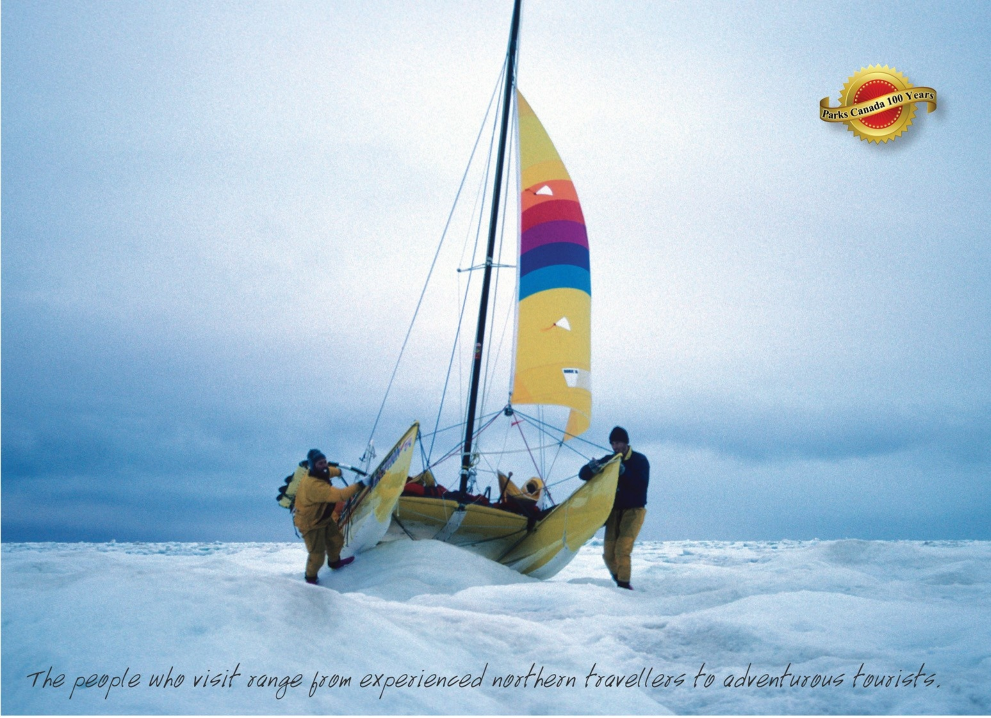
That job falls to people like Ifan Thomas, superintendent for Parks Canada's Western Arctic Field Unit based in Inuvik. His staff of about forty full-time and seasonal workers covers three national parks — Tuktut Nogait, Ivvavik, and Aulavik, plus Saoyú-ʔehdacho National Historic Site and Pingo Canadian Landmark.

Parks staff monitor sites of historic and cultural significance and make sure all visitors are aware of them.

"Every person that visits our parks in the Western Arctic gets a personal orientation," says Thomas. "They are informed about the cultural sites, they are informed about their importance, they are cautioned about what are the appropriate practices to engage in while they are travelling in the parks. We endeavour to make certain everyone is aware of the need to keep these sites undisturbed, but we also want them to learn about the sites and experience them. For our visitors, the cultural landscape is as fascinating and captivating as the natural landscape."

Parks Canada also carries out significant archaeological surveys in the Arctic. In the summer of 2010, the agency led an expedition that made a significant discovery, locating the HMS *Investigator*, a British Royal

MIKE BEEDELL



The people who visit range from experienced northern travellers to adventurous tourists.

Navy vessel in search of the Northwest Passage that was abandoned in Mercy Bay off Banks Island in 1853. Onshore, the team also uncovered three gravesites of crewmen who had died of scurvy. And they found new artifacts at an ancient Thule site, including whalebones used as roof supports for dwellings.

Interestingly, a large supply cache left on the shore of Mercy Bay by the crew of the *Investigator* became a source of wealth to Inuit that is remembered to this day, says Thomas.

"People in Sachs Harbour, they know the story of people, over the course of a number of decades, going to the site of the *Investigator* cache to salvage the materials from the site that were valuable to them — the metal nails and softwood, things they wouldn't otherwise be able to find."

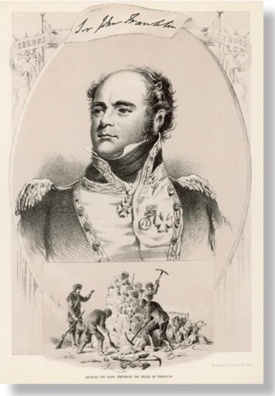
Unlike most national parks in southern Canada, the Arctic parks came out of land claims agreements and are co-managed with local indigenous communities, who continue to hunt and fish on the land.

The northern parks are inaccessible by road and expensive to get to. The people who visit them range from experienced northern travellers to adventurous tourists who rely on skilled guides.

Mike Beedell is one of these guides. He probably knows the Arctic as a whole as well as any person alive. As a wilderness guide with Adventure Canada, an outdoor educator, and a prizewinning photographer, Beedell has been rambling around Canada's North for more than three decades, savouring both its natural beauty and its history.

As a university student in 1977, Beedell canoed down the Coppermine River to the Arctic coast, tracing the route pioneered by explorers Samuel Hearne, John Franklin, and George Back.

Hearne, who travelled with a group of Dene people in the 1770s, was the first to chart the Coppermine. Franklin


Sir John Franklin
EREBUS
TERROR
OPENING THE CAIRN CONTAINING THE RELICS OF FRANKLIN

CANADIAN PRESS

Above:
Jeff MacInnis and Mike Beedell journey through the Northwest Passage at Aston Bay off the west coast of Somerset Island in a small catamaran in 1987.

Left:
English explorer Sir John Franklin. The lower part of the image, circa 1848, depicts the opening of a cairn containing relics of Franklin's doomed Northwest Passage expedition.

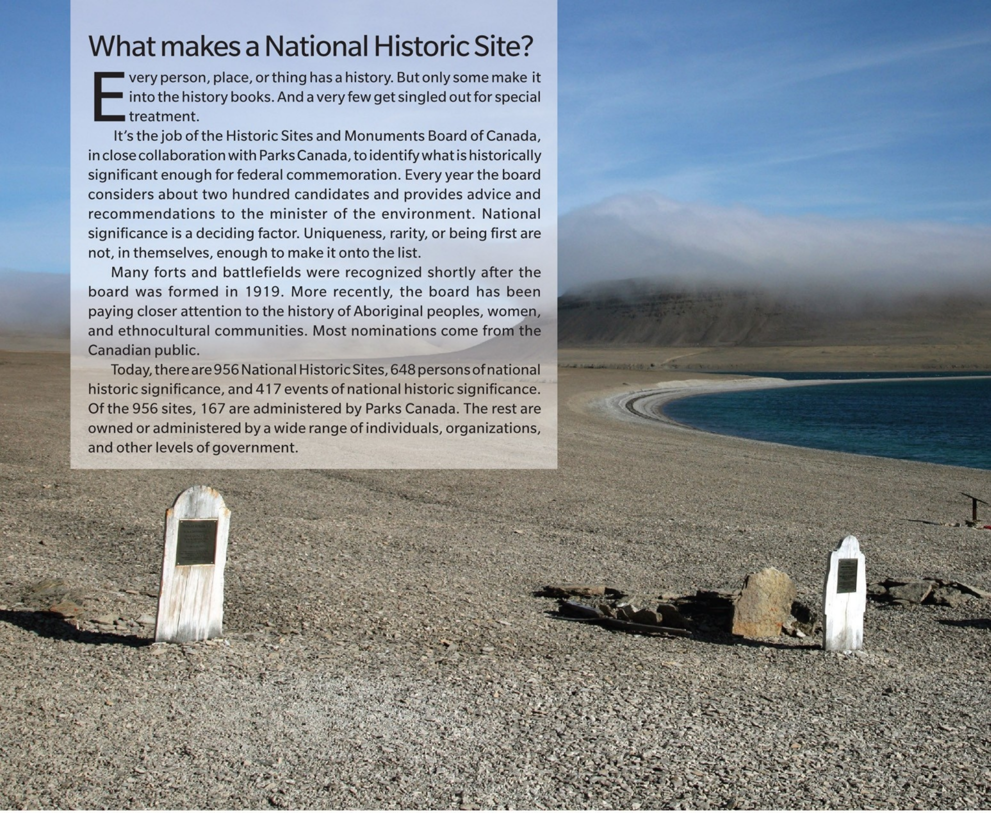
What makes a National Historic Site?

Every person, place, or thing has a history. But only some make it into the history books. And a very few get singled out for special treatment.

It's the job of the Historic Sites and Monuments Board of Canada, in close collaboration with Parks Canada, to identify what is historically significant enough for federal commemoration. Every year the board considers about two hundred candidates and provides advice and recommendations to the minister of the environment. National significance is a deciding factor. Uniqueness, rarity, or being first are not, in themselves, enough to make it onto the list.

Many forts and battlefields were recognized shortly after the board was formed in 1919. More recently, the board has been paying closer attention to the history of Aboriginal peoples, women, and ethnocultural communities. Most nominations come from the Canadian public.

Today, there are 956 National Historic Sites, 648 persons of national historic significance, and 417 events of national historic significance. Of the 956 sites, 167 are administered by Parks Canada. The rest are owned or administered by a wide range of individuals, organizations, and other levels of government.



paddled down the same river in 1821. Harsh, unfamiliar conditions, plus his failure to follow the advice of the Native peoples, resulted in his losing eleven of his twenty-one men. Franklin himself almost starved to death, so that he later became known as "the man who ate his boots."

Beedell's 1970s expedition was, of course, far better equipped than its long-ago predecessors; yet the party felt a certain kinship with the earlier explorers.

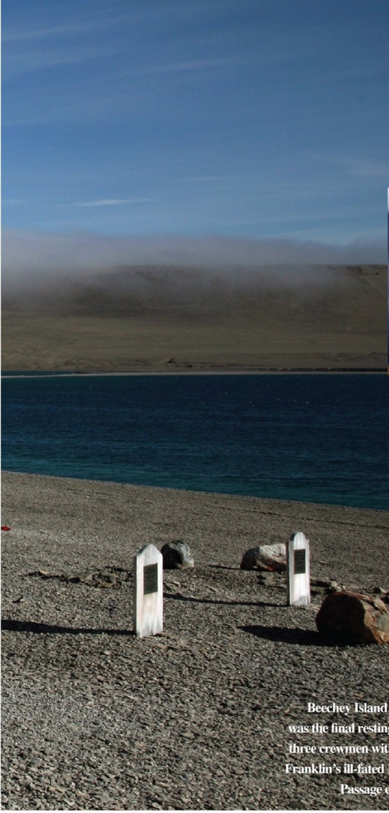
"We had Franklin's journal from 1821," Beedell recalls. "We camped where he camped and got a real sense of his experience."

Adds Beedell: "That journey changed my life." Within a decade, he was beating his way through the Northwest Passage from west to east in a small catamaran skippered by Jeff McInnis. The journey took three summers and involved flying in and out at the end of each travel season.

In centuries past, flying south for the winter was not an option. Venturing into the Arctic meant losing contact with the outside world. Ships froze into the ice and their crews settled in for long, dark, and bitterly cold winters with meagre rations, waiting for the spring melt to free them from their polar prisons.

During the centuries-long search for a Northwest Passage, even a successful expedition would probably lose a few men to cold, scurvy, and accident. A disastrous one, like the 1845 Franklin debacle that took as many as 129 men to their deaths, would disappear off the face of the earth.

Traces of history, such as the graves of the three Franklin crew members on Beechey Island, are scattered throughout the Arctic. And today, many areas of historic interest can be visited from the comfort of an expeditionary cruise ship. In Victoria Strait, where explorer John Rae tried to beat his way through "bergy bits" in a small boat, we today sail easily through open waters. In Baffin Bay, where Elisha Kent Kane attached his ship to an iceberg so massive that it pulled him north against the surface current, we today encounter no ice whatsoever.



Beechey Island, Nunavut, was the final resting place for three crewmen with Sir John Franklin's ill-fated Northwest Passage expedition.

CORBIS

Visitors might stumble onto the wreck of an old whaling ship — Hudson Bay, the Mackenzie Delta, and Cumberland Sound were busy whaling grounds during the nineteenth century.

Given that visiting the Arctic is today out of reach for many, it is worth remembering that in 1885, when Banff National Park was created, visiting meant travelling by train and on horseback, and few had the resources to do this. Now, as then, creative planning can sometimes overcome an empty wallet. For instance, Auyuittuq National Park can be surprisingly accessible.

"From Ottawa," Beedell says, "you can fly to Pangnirtung [thirty kilometres from the park] for the same number of points as to Vancouver. Best deal in the world. You leave home and a few hours later you're out walking around on a glacier."

Author Ken McGoogan has written four books about the search for the Northwest Passage and is a frequent contributor to *Canada's History*.

Northern newcomers

These northern national parks all came into being within the past twenty-five years. All of them have a rich historical legacy.

Quttinirpaaq

PARKS CANADA

Quttinirpaaq, Northern Ellesmere Island (1986): Quttinirpaaq (khoot-tee-neelk–paahk) means "the highest" in Inuktitut. A land of Arctic deserts and ice caps, this is Canada's most northerly national park. It includes Fort Conger, established in 1881 as a polar research station.

Vuntut, Northern Yukon (1995): Vuntut (voon-toot) means "among the lakes" in the Gwitchen language. The remains of seven caribou fences — where the animals were trapped and snared or speared — are found within the park. The fences sometimes extend for several kilometres.

Tuktut Nogait

PARKS CANADA

Tuktut Nogait, Northwest Territories (1996): Tuktut Nogait (took-toot-Noo-guy-t) means "young caribou" in Inuvialuktun. Evidence of human habitation may date to AD 1200. Archaeological sites include tent rings, caches, caribou drive lanes, meat drying areas, and hunting blinds.

Wapusk, Northern Manitoba (1996): Wapusk (waa-pusk) means "white bear" in Cree and includes one of the world's largest polar bear denning areas. It's located between two National Historic Sites — Prince of Wales Fort in Churchill and York Factory — both seventeenth-century HBC forts.

Sirmilik, Northern Baffin Island (2001): Sirmilik (seer-mee-leek) means "place of glaciers" in Inuktitut. Human history here dates back at least five thousand years. Archaeological sites are found at Button Point on Bylot Island bird sanctuary.

Ukkusiksalik

PARKS CANADA

Ukkusiksalik, Southern Nunavut (2003): Ukkusiksalik (oooo-koo-SIK-sa-lik) means "where there is material for the stone pot" in Inuktitut — referring to soapstone found here. The HBC kept a trading post here from 1925 to 1947. Tent rings, food caches, and fox traps are among the archaeological remains.

Torngat Mountains, Labrador (2008): Torngat (tawrn-gat) means "place of spirits" in Inuktitut. Some of its archaeological sites date back almost seven thousand years. Chert, a glass-like material, was quarried from here for thousands of years and traded as far south as Maine.

ANCIENT ARCTIC

There is more than one side to story of the Far North.

Fort Conger in Canada's High Arctic is what most people expect a heritage site to be: buildings and artifacts linked to specific events — in this case the establishment of a polar research station in the nineteenth century. Men lived, worked, and died there in a heroic quest to explore the Arctic.

Contrast that with Saoyú-ʔehdacho National Historic Site in the Northwest Territories. It consists of two boreal forest peninsulas on Great Bear Lake that are sacred to the Sahtú Dene people. The oral history of the area goes back thousands of years and makes reference to a time when land to the south was full of ice and giant animals ruled the world.

Recognizing Saoyú-ʔehdacho (pronounced SAW-you-eh-DAH-cho) as a National Historic Site clearly challenges conventional notions of what heritage is all about.

"We tend often to look at heritage value traditionally as when Europeans go north, like the Franklin expedition or Peary's assault on the North Pole," says James De Jonge, a manager with Parks Canada's National Historic Sites Policy Branch. "It's very much the European discovery of places that were already known by Aboriginal cultures.

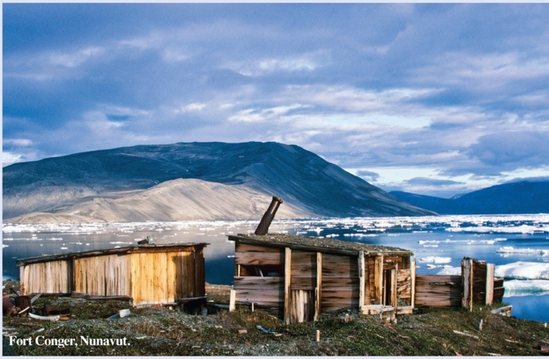
"Establishing and giving recognition to places like Saoyú-ʔehdacho is really acknowledging both sides of the coin — that we have places that are an extension of European exploration experience … and we also have these places that have this enduring significance over a long period of time."

Saoyú-ʔehdacho's designation as a National Historic Site in 1996 was part of an effort by Parks Canada and the Historic Sites and Monuments Board of Canada to recognize the history of groups that had been largely ignored — including Aboriginal peoples, women, and ethnocultural communities.

It was chosen because it is essential to the history of the Sahtú Dene, whose oral tradition and stories are tied to the land and help define who they are as a people. The site's plants, animals, and landforms are as significant as its built environment — gravesites, cabins, and other artifacts.

At 5,587 square kilometres, it is also Canada's largest National Historic Site. Jointly managed by Parks Canada and the Sahtú Dene, it's located just south of the Arctic Circle, accessible only by air or seasonal ice road.

Fort Conger, on northern Ellesmere Island, is even more remote. The site was an important staging area for North Pole exploration. Artifacts found there go back to 1875, when the British Arctic Expedition's HMS *Discovery* wintered at this place. That expedition lost four sailors to exposure, and many others were afflicted with scurvy. Reproductions of memorial signboards erected to honour two of the lost sailors have been reinstated to the site. Other notable features include the remnants of an experimental garden planted by American explorer Adolphus Greely in 1882, the foundation of his



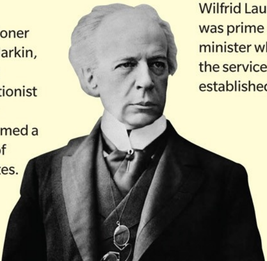
PARKS CANADA

Fort Conger, Nunavut.

Parks Canada Centennial

In 1911, Canada became the first country in the world to establish a national park service. The U.S. formed its service in 1916.

The first commissioner was J.B. Harkin, an ardent conservationist who over twenty-five years formed a nationwide system of parks and historic sites.



Wilfrid Laurier was prime minister when the service was established.

The agency was originally named the Dominion Parks Branch. It was also called the National Parks Branch and Canadian Parks Service before it became Parks Canada. The first National Parks Act, passed in 1930, asserted that national parks were for the "benefit, education, and enjoyment of Canadians."

by Nelle Oosterom

Saoyú-ʔehdacho, Northwest Territories.

LINDSAY CARY, PARKS CANADA

expedition house, and the remains of a cairn erected by the British Arctic Expedition using discarded tin cans filled with gravel.

But perhaps the most significant of the artifacts there are three small buildings constructed in 1900 by explorer Robert Peary. Although they look unimpressive, Parks Canada historian Lyle Dick points out that these little huts say something important about Arctic exploration — that attempts to explore the polar regions were only as successful as the willingness of early explorers to learn from the indigenous people.

Early British exploration parties wintered aboard their ships. Scant heat, poor air circulation, and excessive condensation that resulted in water dripping onto shivering crew members made life miserable for those on board.

"They really had not made an effort to learn from the Inuit and how they survived in this rigorous climate for so many centuries," says Dick.

Greely, leader of an expedition mounted by the United States army, thought to improve on things by throwing up a large prefabricated building at Fort Conger. But it proved impossible to heat because he ignored basic Inuit architectural principles that enable a small space to be heated comfortably with one or two blubber lamps.

Robert Peary was among the first High Arctic explorers "to really study Inuit life ways and to apply that knowledge in his polar expeditions," said Dick of the man credited with being first to reach the North Pole.

It was Peary and his expedition party members who tore down Greely's southern-style house and used the wood to construct the igloo-sized shelters that were linked by passageways roofed over with muskox skins and snow blocks.

He was also the first to employ whole Inuit families, says Dick.

"Inuit women made clothing for his parties, the men hunted, they led sledging excursions, they helped Peary in all areas of adaptation to the High Arctic, and I think that's one of the main reasons he was more successful than earlier expeditions, which often ended in disaster."

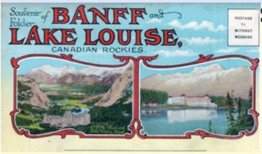
While not designated as a National Historic Site, Fort Conger's buildings are classified as Federal Heritage Buildings and the site bears a plaque to note the national historic significance of the First International Polar Year, of which the Greely expedition formed a part. Parks Canada is responsible for maintaining the site and the area, which is in Quttinirpaaq National Park of Canada.

Because few people can realistically visit the site, Parks Canada and the University of Calgary last summer conducted a 3-D laser scan of the area.

"Our intention is to create a virtual Fort Conger, which will serve as a digital archive for the site and its contents," said Peter Dawson, an associate professor of archaeology at the University of Calgary who is heading the project.

"It will also provide an opportunity for people to visit Fort Conger from their home computer via the Internet."

Parks Canada hopes the virtual project will bring this internationally significant site and its rich story of exploration, adaptation, and survival to more Canadians and to people around the world.

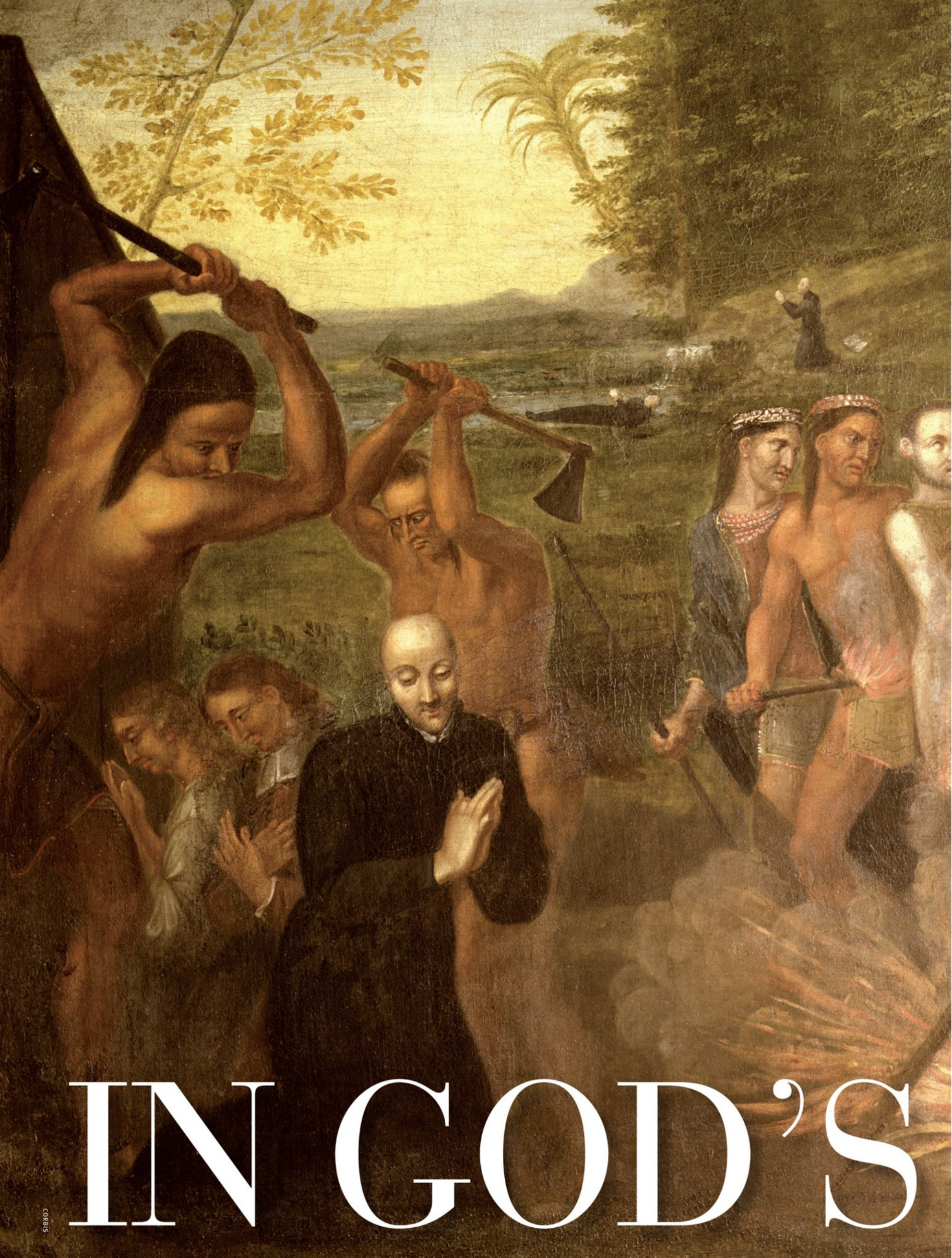

Souvenir Folder of BANFF and LAKE LOUISE,
CANADIAN ROCKIES.
POSTAGE 1c WITHOUT MESSAGE

Banff was already a national park — established in 1885 — when the agency was formed. Four other mountain parks existed in 1911: Glacier, Yoho, Jasper, and Waterton Lakes.

In 1919, the agency took responsibility for preserving and developing sites of historic significance. The Historic Sites and Monuments Board of Canada was established that year to identify and recommend such places.

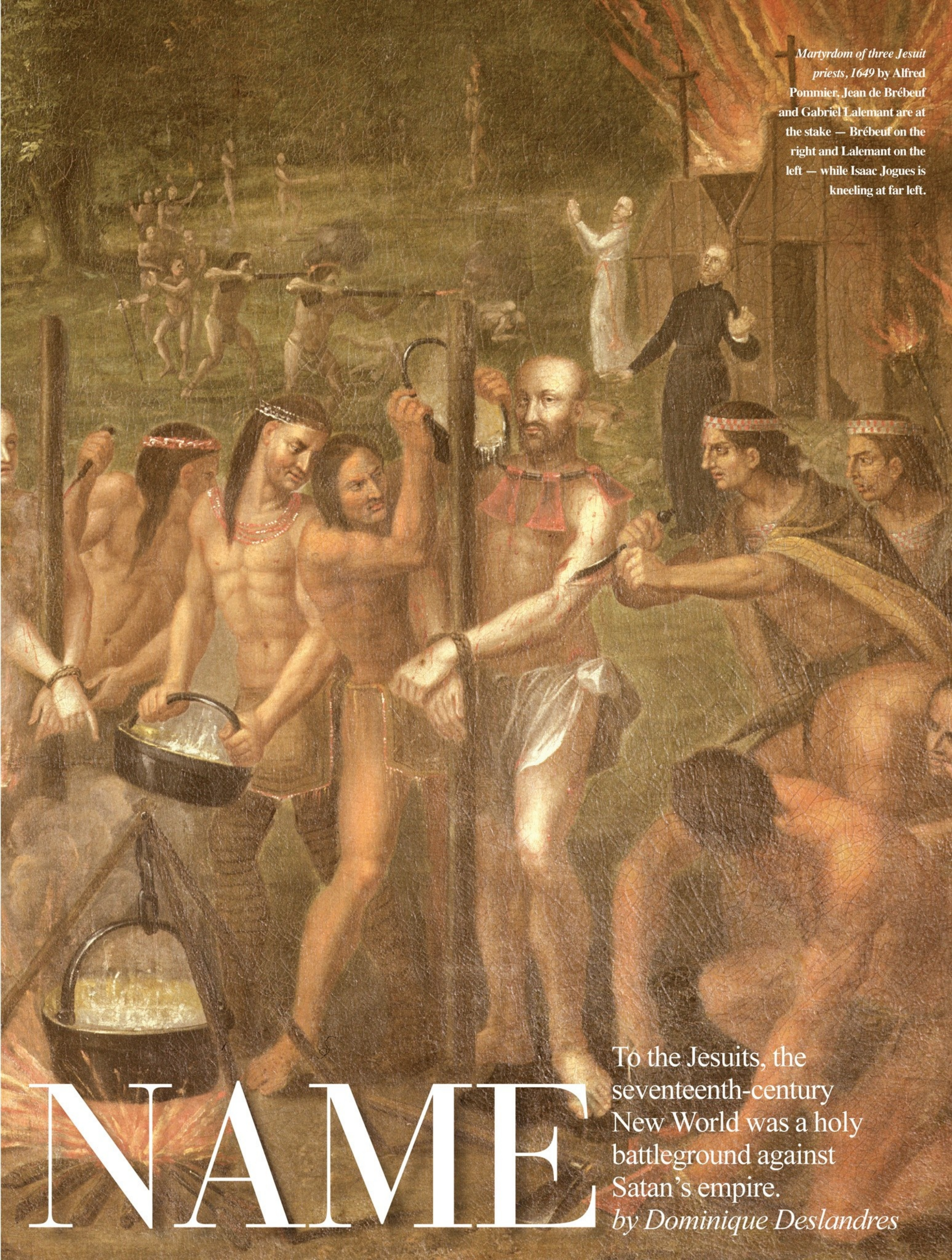
The first historic sites named in 1919 were two on the shore of Lake Erie at Port Dover, Ontario, which commemorate French exploration and claims to the area in 1670, and Forges du Saint Maurice in Quebec, Canada's first industrial village.

Today Parks Canada administers forty-two national parks, four marine conservation areas, and 167 national historic sites. Its mandate is to protect Canada's natural and cultural heritage while managing these places for visitors to appreciate and enjoy.



IN GOD'S

CORBIS

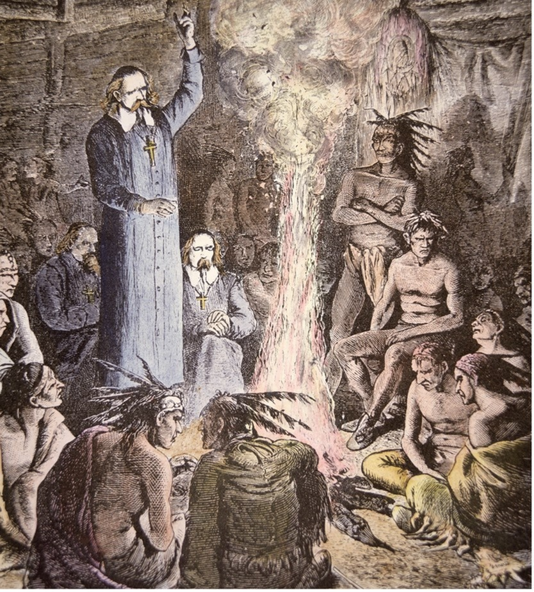


Martyrdom of three Jesuit priests, 1649 by Alfred Pommier. Jean de Brébeuf and Gabriel Lalemant are at the stake — Brébeuf on the right and Lalemant on the left — while Isaac Jogues is kneeling at far left.

NAME

To the Jesuits, the seventeenth-century New World was a holy battleground against Satan's empire.

by Dominique Deslandres

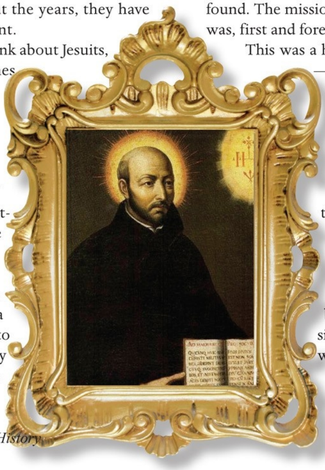


BRIDGEMAN

Above: *The French Jesuit Missionary Brébeuf among the Algonquins.* **American School, nineteenth century.**

Everyone knows about and has an opinion on the Jesuits, and we often admire them or perhaps mistrust them. This year marks four hundred years after the arrival of the first two Jesuit missionaries in North America. Their numbers have since grown, and their "good deeds," as they were called in their time, have had an impact on the land as well as the minds and dreams of our society. Throughout the years, they have never left anyone indifferent.

Nowadays, when we think about Jesuits, "martyr" immediately comes to mind. Jean de Brébeuf is by far the most renowned due to his particularly cruel death at the hands of the Iroquois on March 16, 1649, at the mission of St. Ignance, near present-day Midland, Ontario. The infamous image of his torture, which has been reproduced countless times, has fed into the mystical saga of Brébeuf that has lasted to this day. Still, we don't really know why Brébeuf and his companions accepted such a horrible fate, and we have also forgotten why the Aboriginal people inflicted such violence on them.



Below: Ignatius of Loyola, founder of the Jesuit order.

GILCREASE MUSEUM/ TULSA OK

Right page: A page from the ***Codex canadensis,*** **circa 1700, which is credited to Louis Nicolas, a Jesuit priest.**

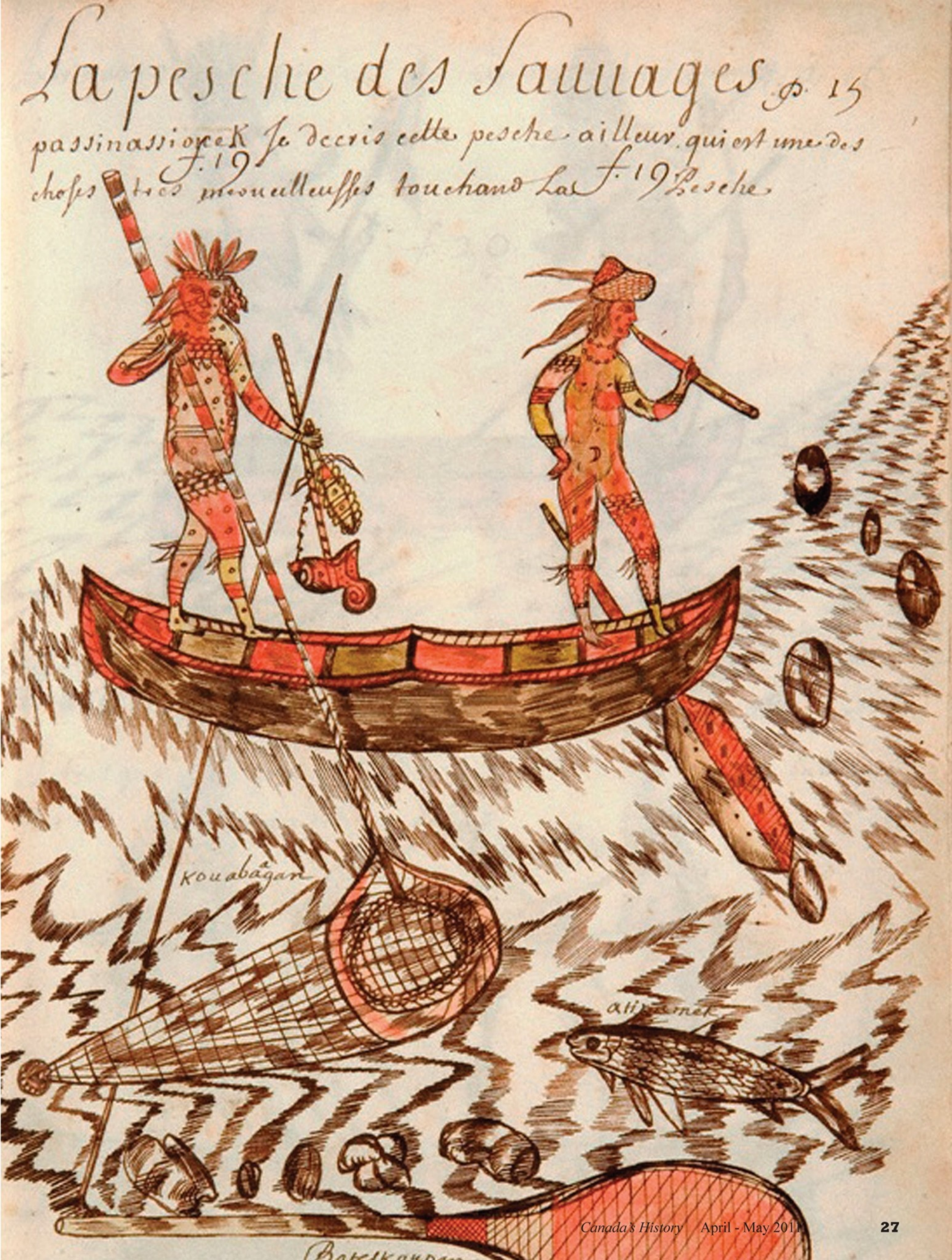
What drove them all to such actions? The truth is that the Jesuits, who themselves said they were possessed by holy madness — in God's name — would have done anything to expand God's kingdom. They felt personally called upon to participate in the *dilatatio regni Dei* — the enlargement of the kingdom of God — and had enrolled themselves in "the holy militia" of Christ to "break up Satan's empire" everywhere it had spread, which meant Europe as much as the rest of the globe. Missionaries saw the impact of the satanic empire on French peasants who knew nothing about "what was necessary for salvation," as much as on the "savages" of new lands who had never heard of the Christian God.

The missionaries used an array of conversion methods developed during their missions in France. They used these indiscriminately on both sides of the Atlantic, since wherever one goes, all souls are the same, according to Paul Le Jeune, superior of the Canadian mission.

At the beginning of his time in New France, Le Jeune wrote: "As for the mind of savages, it is a known fact that all souls are of the same stock, and they do not differ considerably. This is why these barbarians, with their well-built bodies and well-placed organs, have minds that function with ease. They are only lacking education and knowledge. Their soul is a good-natured soil, but it is filled with all the bad seed that can grow on land that has been neglected since the beginning of time. I can easily compare our savages to some villagers since they are also often uneducated."

The Jesuits had to teach people "the way into heaven" and turn the desert that was America into a paradise where "heaven's police and militia on earth" would be found. The mission of this "special force against Satan" was, first and foremost, a battle, a conquest.

This was a holy war with winners, losers, heroes — and martyrs. All the Jesuits who arrived in New France would declare themselves "ready to die for the honour of […], our good Lord and for the salvation of these poor people." And, according to the doctrine of Ignatius of Loyola, the founder of their order, they could only contribute to this salvation by becoming missionaries. Thus they would teach Christian values to these newly discovered beings, whose existence had been sheltered from this revelation since the beginning of time. The goal was to bring back the lost herds to the Christian fold; the Jesuits were ready to shed blood in order to vanquish



La pesche des Sauuages p. 15
passinassiouek Je decris cette pesche ailleur. qui est une des
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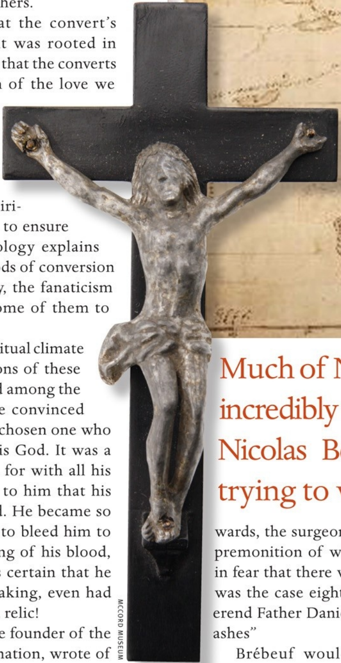
Right: *Carte du domaine du roy en Canada, 1731*, **a map made by Jesuit priest Pierre-Michel Laure, who was a missionary in the Saguenay region.**



Below: An Iroquois crucifix made of wood and lead, 1675–1681.

MCCORD MUSEUM

what they saw as obscene, miserable, and intolerable ignorance.

This ignorance of Christ was intolerable for the Jesuits who would see it in the eschatological context that was at the core of modern thinking. Many among the socio-religious elite of that time were actually convinced that the end of the world was near, which brought on a palpable sense of urgency. There was also this sense that if all were not saved, the missionaries — those "elected" by God — would be damned because they had failed at their mission. As pointed out by François de Sales: "Since your fellow man's salvation is part of your own and because they are almost fully intertwined, you might very well attain your own by helping others find theirs." In other words, the missionaries' motto could have been: "I am saving myself by saving you even if you don't want to be saved." They were convinced that they were sharing the world's most precious knowledge — the one truth that leads to salvation. A spiritual humanitarian movement arose that made the overzealous impose their concept of happiness on others.

This mentality dictated that the convert's opinion did not matter since it was rooted in ignorance. The Jesuits would say that the converts "cannot comprehend the depth of the love we profess to them." The mission "is a good deed done for the benefit of people who do not know what is good for them." The Jesuits would blame the converts' resistance on their spiritual void, which had to be filled to ensure everyone's salvation. Such ideology explains some of the authoritarian methods of conversion the Jesuits used, and most likely, the fanaticism and overzealousness that led some of them to martyrdom.

At the time, New France's spiritual climate was fuelling the shared aspirations of these God-crazed men who had settled among the Aboriginals. Brébeuf's kin were convinced that he would become a saint, a chosen one who would die a violent death for his God. It was a death that Brébeuf would wish for with all his might. When a vision revealed to him that his time was near, he was overjoyed. He became so elated that his companions had to bleed him to restrain him. Instead of disposing of his blood, the surgeon, a layman who was certain that he was treating a martyr in the making, even had the foresight to save it to make a relic!

Much of New France's history
incredibly detailed — like those
Nicolas Bellin — which helped
trying to win for God.

In a 1649 letter to her son, the founder of the Ursuline order, Marie de l'Incarnation, wrote of this incident: "An ecstatic Brébeuf went to see the other priests, who found him exceptionally cheerful, and so through God's hand they bled him. Afterwards, the surgeon dried his blood based on a premonition of what would happen and also in fear that there would be no remains left, as was the case eight months earlier when Reverend Father Daniel was reduced to just a few ashes"

Brébeuf would gleefully get martyred. Still, why did the Iroquois inflict such torture on him when they could have swiftly killed him with a tomahawk? Anthropologists and ethnohistorians

BIBLIOTHEQUE NATIONALE DE FRANCE

is based on the documents the Jesuits left us. They created maps, often
by Pierre-Michel Laure, whose work inspired famous cartographer
them to locate and become familiar with the territories they were

have several theories on this. The most common one suggests that this may have been ritualistic torture inflicted as a test of courage for the bravest captive warriors. In fact, Brébeuf would die a brave death by incessantly praying aloud even after they had cut off his lips.

Another theory is that the Iroquois (and a great number of Hurons) were reacting to the newly introduced diseases that were killing the Aboriginals, who, unlike the French, had no immunity to them. They thought the missionaries were powerful sorcerers who were casting epidemics on their nations with their charms (oils, holy water) and incantations. Killing Brébuf, who seemed to be the head of these sorcerers, was only justice served. And giving him a taste of his own medicine seemed like a good tactic; hence the pouring of boiling water on the torture victim to mock a Christian baptism.

A third theory is related to the economic strategies of the Hurons and the Iroquois who were fighting for monopoly of the fur trade. In this context, the Jesuits, who were constantly looking for new peoples to convert, seemed to thwart that monopoly, since they tried to reach everyone — fur trade rivals or not. It was better for the Iroquois to eliminate all competition once and for all and to terrify those who would want to take over by putting a collar of red-hot tomahawks on the neck and stomach of their victims and dismembering them.

However, while we remember the martyrs, we should not forget the Jesuits who were linguists, explorers, ethnographers, and friends of the North American Indians. Historically, the Jesuits were forerunners in the European discovery of the First Nations of New France. They travelled the continent from east to west, and they made contact with all the North American peoples: the Mi'kmaq, Abenaki, and Malecite of Acadia, whom Pierre Biard and Ennemond Massé — the first Jesuits to arrive in New France — encountered in 1611; the Montagnais-Innus who lived near the Habitation of Québec who are described by Paul Le Jeune in 1634 in what would become the famous *Relations des jésuites*; the Algonquins who travelled around Montreal and along the Laurentian Valley to trade fur; the Hurons of the Great Lakes and their enemy brothers, the Iroquois, whose customs were first revealed to the world by the Recollects Gabriel Sagard and Joseph LeCaron, then, more systematically by Jesuits like Brébeuf.

Below: Jean-Joseph Casot.

In fact, from the arrival of Biard and Massé in Acadia in 1611 to the death of Jean-Joseph Casot, the last Jesuit of the French Regime, in 1800, and after their return to Canada in the nineteenth century, the missionaries of the Society of Jesus have specialized in science and teaching, thus influencing countless generations of students.

All these peoples, as well as the Illinois, who lived along the Mississippi and in Louisiana, would make it into the *Histoire de la Nouvelle-France* written in the eighteenth century by François-Xavier de Charlevoix. Their faults and virtues would be compared to those of ancient civilizations by Jean-François Lafitau, a pioneer of modern ethnography. As they moved across the continent, the Jesuit missionaries would describe the peoples they encountered. This continued on in the nineteenth century. Nicolas Point, among others, painted exquisite pictures of the Objibwa of the Great Lakes region and Mississippi, as well as the Flatheads, the Cœurs-d'Alène, and the many denizens of the Rockies.

It should be noted that by travelling to meet them, the Jesuits were not just describing the nations they were trying to convert to Christianity. They were also learning native languages and customs, developing dictionaries and grammar books, and doing translation. This resulted in the priests capturing — and very often preserving — Aboriginal languages and traditions which, until then, were communicated only orally.

With their numerous writings, contacts and undertakings, the Jesuits were — along with the Recollect order and other founders of New France, such as Samuel de Champlain and Marie de l'Incarnation — the rare witnesses of the French's first encounters with indigenous people. Indeed, much of New France's history is based on the documents the Jesuits left us. They created maps, often incredibly detailed — like those by Pierre-Michel Laure, whose work inspired famous cartographer Nicolas Bellin — which helped them locate and become familiar with the territories they were trying to win for God.

These Jesuit witnesses were great scientists — botanists, astronomers, geographers, hydrographers, historians, anthropologists — whose contributions still affect us today. In fact, from the arrival of Biard and Massé in Acadia in 1611 to the death of Jean-Joseph Casot, the last Jesuit of the French regime, in 1800, and after their return to Canada in the nineteenth century, the missionaries of the Society of Jesus have specialized in science and teaching, thus influencing countless generations of students.

By thoroughly describing how they served God, individually and collectively, they have written entire pages — some good, some not so good — of our shared history.

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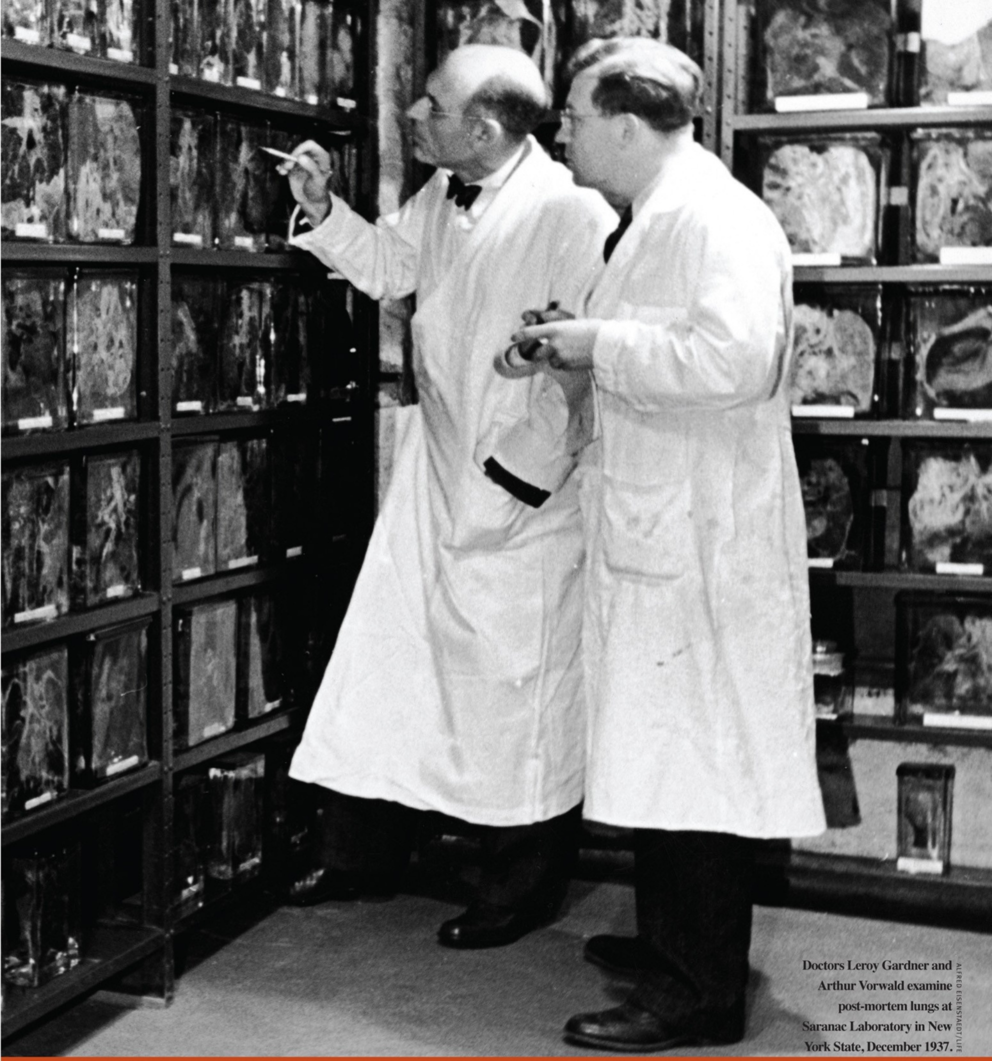
DEADLY

A 1940s whistle-blower uncovers hidden evidence linking asbestos to cancer.



Doctors Leroy Gardner and Arthur Vorwald examine post-mortem lungs at Saranac Laboratory in New York State, December 1937.

ALFRED EISENSTAEDT/LIFE

SECRET

By Lorraine Mallinder

Driving across the border from Quebec to New York State, Ivan Sabourin carried a morbid cargo. In the airless trunk lay a selection of lung samples illicitly taken from sick asbestos miners. The corpulent lawyer felt uneasy about his mission, but as chief counsel for the powerful asbestos industry in Quebec, he was in too deep to back out.

During the mid-1940s, Sabourin made repeated cross-border trips to the Saranac Laboratory in New York State to deposit samples that would yield evidence of the carcinogenic effects of asbestos. The knowledge remained the industry's dirty secret, with high-level asbestos executives deliberately sitting on the evidence to prevent workers from claiming compensation.

The laboratory, with its picturesque location in the heart of the Adirondack Mountains by the crystal-clear waters of Saranac Lake, was an unlikely setting for an industrial cover-up. Although staffed by some of the world's leading researchers on lung disease, it was severely compromised by its reliance on industry funding. Over the ensuing years, the incriminating slides gathered dust in a carefully concealed file labelled "Quebec Asbestos Workers."

COURTESY OF SCHEPERS FAMILY

CANADIAN PRESS

Below left: South African whistle-blower Gerrit Schepers in 1950.

Centre: Workers at Johns Manville in Asbestos, Quebec, leave the plant following the settlement of a violent four-and-a-half-month strike in 1949. The miners wanted the health dangers of asbestos to be recognized.

There they remained until South African scholar Gerrit Schepers visited the laboratory as an intern in 1949. Now ninety-six years of age and living in upstate Virginia, he remembers stumbling upon the perturbing data while rifling through the laboratory's records. Nine miners were listed with lung cancer and two more with mesothelioma, a rarer and deadlier cancer. Another file contained slides of eleven mice exposed to asbestos dust — the slides revealed that nine of the mice had cancer.

The hidden data was political dynamite. Up in Quebec, trouble was brewing as the province's francophone asbestos miners began to agitate against their long-hated American and English-Canadian masters. The strife culminated in the 1949 asbestos strike, a bitter dispute based in and around the Quebec mining town of Asbestos. Aware that the product they mined was killing them, one of the miners' demands was that asbestosis — lung scarring caused by exposure to asbestos fibres — be recognised as an industrial disease.

The strike was essentially an attempt by miners to take control of their bodies. At the beginning of 1949, Montreal's *Le Devoir* warned workers that companies had been lying to them about their health. Journalist Burton LeDoux compared asbestosis to a spider spinning its deadly web around victims' lungs, slowly suffocating them to death. He likened Quebec's mining towns to concentration camps.

Schepers was unaware of the conflicts north of the border when he made his discovery. The fact that the research data had been hidden away troubled him. He was a graduate

student at New York University, but he was also on a mission from the South African government to ascertain whether chrysotile, or white asbestos, caused cancer. He had already asked Dr. Arthur Vorwald, the laboratory's director of research, about studies that had been done in this area, only to be told, "none had been attempted, none was contemplated, and none was needed." Now he suspected that Vorwald, in whose house he was staying, was an industry stooge.

Schepers was no stranger to industry malfeasance. One of the leading scientists of his generation, he had stuck his neck out to defend miners' rights in the early days of South Africa's apartheid regime. While working as a government medical inspector in early 1949, he witnessed the dismal

MONTREAL GAZETTE

Left: An injured striker is led away during the 1949 asbestos strike in Quebec.

conditions in which black workers mined deadly amosite, or brown asbestos, in the North Eastern Transvaal. He remembers that "the miners fell ill easily and were usually only employed for a few years."

In a report, he described young black boys forced to trample down asbestos in large shipping bags, all the while "kept stepping lively by a burly supervisor with a hefty whip." X-rays conducted by Schepers' government medical team revealed several workers to have asbestosis before the age of twelve.

After three weeks at Saranac, Schepers was sent to Quebec to do further research by Dr. Anthony Lanza, his academic supervisor at New York University. He found himself in Asbestos, at that time home of the biggest open-pit asbestos mine in the world, which was run by the U.S.-based Johns Manville Corporation. While there had been moves to introduce dust-control measures in the aftermath of the strike, he found industry doctors constantly downplaying the risks, blaming the high incidence of lung disease on cigarette smoking.

To add insult to injury, the dismissive doctors tended to blame the miners' health problems on their genetically inferior French-Canadian constitution. "So these were silly little Frenchmen who were dying before they should," he remembers. "It was the same attitude as South Africa. I'd heard hundreds of times that the mines were quite safe. It was just these damn black fellows, who didn't have strong lungs and disgraced the industry by going and dying."

Alarmed, Schepers told two company doctors — Kenneth Smith and Paul Cartier, directors of the Johns Manville clinics at Asbestos and the neighbouring town of Thetford Mines — about the Saranac files. Both expressed astonishment. It turned out that the laboratory results had been sent directly to Sabourin, the company lawyer who had smuggled the samples across the border. The doctors said they had been kept in the dark.

Sabourin, for his part, was remarkably candid about his role in "confidentially" transporting the lung samples and about his knowledge of further cases of cancer among men who had retired from the asbestos mines and mills. In a recent interview from his home in Virginia, Schepers recalled a conversation he had with Sabourin back in 1949. Sitting tête-à-tête in a local restaurant, Schepers confronted Sabourin. According to Schepers, the conversation went like this:

"Why do you do this? Why do you oppose the rights of asbestos workers to claim compensation after their lungs have become all screwed up?" Schepers asked.

"Because I'm paid to do so," said Sabourin.

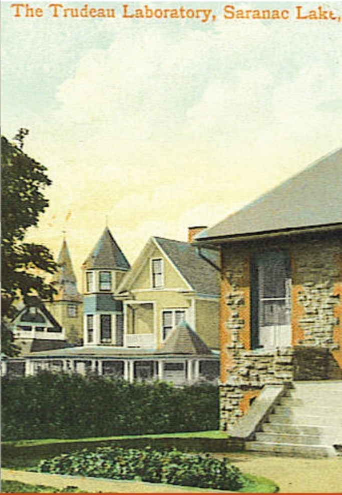
"So, you're telling me you're a crook?"

"That's right," said Sabourin.

"I've seen it happen," continued Schepers. "I've worked in the hospitals. I've seen them die and seen their families go to the dogs from poverty. How could you be so unmerciful? I know you're a Catholic. It's the Christian belief that you help the man who has fallen down. You don't step on him. You give him your hand and help him up."

"I go to church every Sunday and say my prayers every night," replied Sabourin. "I can't reverse what I've done."

COURTESY OF SCHEPERS FAMILY



The Trudeau Laboratory, Saranac Lake,

Above: Dr. Anthony Lanza, second from left, and Gerrit Schepers, fifth from left, with mining and insurance representatives

Above right: The Trudeau Laboratory at Saranac Lake, New York.

SCHEPERS WASTED NO TIME IN COMPILING A DAMNING REPORT FOR

Sabourin, who died in 1978, was an "amiable criminal," whose conscience weighed upon him heavily, said Schepers. He was a company-oriented man, but he was also a Quebecois with conservative-nationalist leanings who "sympathized with his countrymen" and lamented that he had been unable to do for his French-Canadian fellow citizens what Schepers had done for South Africans.

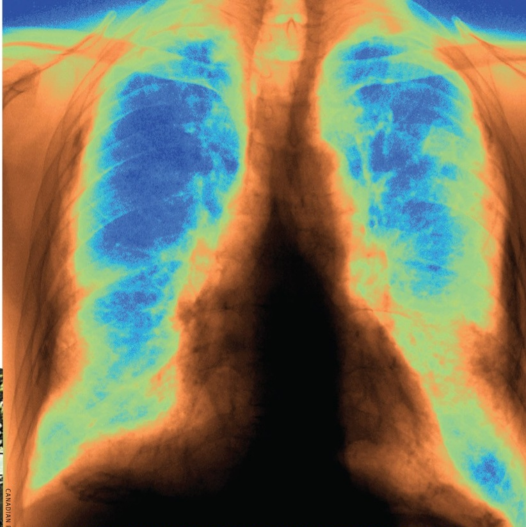
"I was puzzled by that statement because I wondered how he would know what we were doing in South Africa," says Schepers, who, as a government employee, had been compelled to sign documents threatening a jail sentence in the event of leaked information about the asbestos research that he was doing.

HISTORIC SARANAC LAKE

THE SOUTH AFRICAN GOVERNMENT.

After three weeks in Quebec, Schepers returned to New York State, where a storm awaited him. Vorwald furiously took him to task for discussing the Saranac Laboratory data with the company doctors and Sabourin. He said he had been reprimanded for letting "a foreigner" see the patently sensitive data. In the midst of all the turmoil, the slides had been removed from the laboratory files. Schepers wasted no time in compiling a damning report for the South African government, which he secretly dispatched to Pretoria.

"My report said it was obvious that they [industry] didn't have all the information, that they hadn't made an effort to obtain the information, and that evidence to the contrary had been buried in the archives of the Saranac Laboratory," says Schepers. He added that "somebody in-between" had



CANADIAN PRESS

ASBESTOS AND ITS DANGERS

Asbestos — a naturally occurring mineral fibre resistant to heat and many chemicals — was used by the ancient Greeks. Slaves who wove asbestos into fireproof cloth were observed to develop "sickness of the lungs."

The use of asbestos declined during the Middle Ages but became popular again during the Industrial Revolution, when it was used to insulate steel pipes, ovens, boilers, and other machinery exposed to high heat.

At the turn of the twentieth century, studies in the United States observed that workers in asbestos mining towns were dying at a young age.

In 1924, a British doctor named the chronic lung disease that killed a thirty-three-year-old asbestos worker "asbestosis." The cause was asbestos particles that had lodged in the worker's lungs. The case prompted studies which showed that twenty-five percent of British asbestos workers had lung disease.

In 1931, Britian passed legislation that increased ventilation in asbestos workplaces and made asbestosis an occupational illness.

In 1929–1930, an insurance-company-sponsored study by the Department of Industrial Hygiene at McGill University found that forty-two out of two hundred asbestos workers had asbestosis. The findings were not published.

Major medical journals of the 1930s linked asbestos to a type of cancer — mesothelioma — that often attacks the lining of the lungs.

By the 1960s, epidemiological studies established that asbestos workers were suffering unusually high rates of cancers. Yet the use of asbestos to make thousands of products — including insulation, brake linings, and textiles — continued to grow until the mid-1970s.

Today, there is no cure or effective treatment for asbestosis. Mesothelioma remains rare, but because it is often not caught until its later stages, survival after diagnosis is usually only one or two years.

distorted the information, implying an "evil factor."

Then, to his surprise, Lanza, his academic supervisor, informed him that he would have to submit a thesis to complete his course, a requirement that had not been mentioned before. This he did, replicating the observations contained in his report to South Africa. Lanza, who in addition to being director of the Institute of Industrial Medicine at NYU was also a medical consultant to the Johns Manville Corporation, called Schepers up to meet with Vandiver Brown, the vice-president and chief attorney for Johns Manville, who was waiting impatiently.

A red-faced fellow with a hot temper, Brown "screamed murder and hell" at Schepers, demanding that he retract his thesis immediately. Schepers replied calmly, saying he could not retract the information as he had already sent a report to Pretoria.

HISTORIC SARANAC LAKE

Above: Dr. Leroy Gardner, who realized in the 1930s that asbestos put workers' lives at risk.

Gerrit Schepers at ninety-six

LORRAINE MALLINDER

Brown fell back on his chair. "I could see he was really shocked," says Schepers. "I told him that, although I was a student at the university, in reality I was an officer of the government of South Africa … the old fellow was so upset that he looked physically sick."

Brown immediately flew to South Africa to suppress the information. Ignored by officials at the department of mines, he tried and failed to plead his case with the prime minister. His mission unsuccessful, he retired immediately to Scotland and was never heard of again, until discovered — well, but apparently mentally incompetent — by a victim's attorney in the early 1980s. He has since died.

Meanwhile, when Schepers returned to South Africa, he found himself in a nest of vipers. His government bosses — with whom he had previously collided over compensation for sick miners — conspired to "disappear" his report. Schepers nevertheless continued to press for reform, allying himself with the country's main miners' union against the government.

His activism culminated in a politically charged testimony to a commission of inquiry, which might have ended his career had he not been called back to the Saranac Laboratory in 1954 to replace Vorwald as director of research.

Significant changes had been made at Saranac. Lanza, Schepers' former academic supervisor, had been appointed to the board of the Trudeau Foundation, which oversaw the laboratory. His suggestion of Schepers as a replacement for Vorwald may have been motivated by his personal dislike of the latter, according to Barry Castleman, author of *Asbestos: Medical and Legal Aspects*. The asbestos industry had gone into damage-limitation mode, publishing a study in which a glancing reference was made to the cancerous slides from the Quebec asbestos workers. The industry may also have found it in its interests to bring Schepers onside.

Whatever the motivation for hiring him, Schepers would go on to discover the story behind the Quebec cancer slides. The study had been carried out by Dr. Leroy Gardner, a previous director of research. Gardner was aware that he was onto something and was keen to break free of the binds imposed by the laboratory's donors, which included the asbestos lobby.

Gardner tried but failed to obtain public funding that would have enabled him to conduct further research and freely release his findings. He died in 1946, before he had the chance to publish.

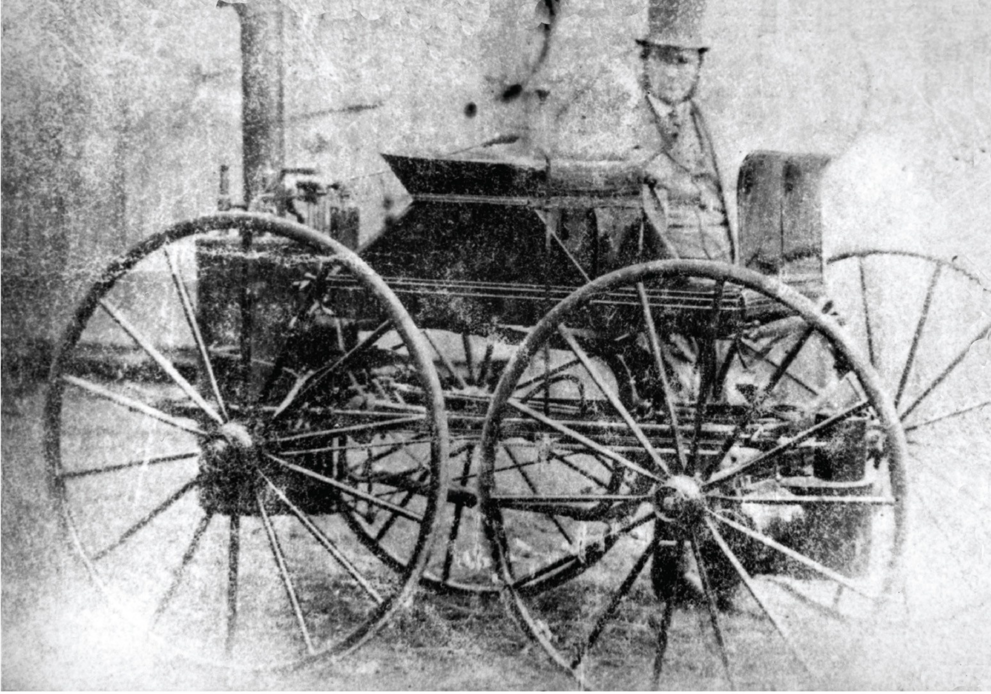
In 1952, Lanza instructed Vorwald to continue Gardner's research. Vorwald's results may have mirrored Gardner's findings, but they were never published. Vorwald left the laboratory to found the Department of Occupational and Environmental Health Sciences at Detroit's Wayne State University, which he chaired for the next fourteen years. He also became a highly prized defence litigation expert for the asbestos industry.

Meanwhile, Schepers, ever the maverick, departed Saranac after a three-year stint as director of research, following clashes with the board over the laboratory's future direction. He and Vorwald became legal adversaries as the industry was hit with a deluge of asbestos-related litigation suits that almost sank Lloyds of London in the 1980s.

Schepers worked with law firms representing sick workers and the families of the deceased. He remembers how Vorwald, who is now deceased, would always appear in court dressed in black clothes with a top hat.

"The lawyers who could hire him were jumping for joy when he came because he had the sonorous voice of a preacher on the pulpit," he says.

Although a shadow of its former self, the industry hobbles on. In the early 1980s, after the Johns Manville Corporation went bankrupt, the Quebec government nationalized the industry, which still receives provincial and federal backing. Despite global medical condemnation of the substance, the province continues to sell chrysotile asbestos to developing countries, which are ill-placed to enforce expensive health and safety regulations to protect their workers. Meanwhile, the 1949 asbestos strike has become a symbol of the province's separate identity, an uprising against anglophone masters that heralded the Quiet Revolution and the beginnings of Quebec separatism.



Above: An 1867 steam car made in Canada by Henry Seth Taylor. There are no known photos of Georges-Antoine Belcourt's vehicle.

Driving Ambition

A parish priest shocks P.E.I. with a devilish contraption — one of Canada's first cars.

by James Mays and Ryan Rogers

It was on a damp and gloomy evening in the spring of 1866 that a large cargo ship slid quietly into Charlottetown harbour, capital of the British colony of Prince Edward Island. Thick swirling clouds hovered over Northumberland Strait, completely obscuring the moon. Deep in the hold of the ship was a massive wooden crate.

Stencilled on the side of the box was the name Georges-Antoine Belcourt, the forward-thinking parish priest of the small, sleepy Acadian village of Rustico and surrounding countryside.

Once the ship was securely moored to the dock, stevedores hustled to discharge the cargo. As they lifted Father Belcourt's heavy wooden crate from ship to shore, they had no inkling that the thing it contained would be vilified by his parishioners as an unnatural, demon-possessed monstrosity.

The box contained a car, the first imported into British North America.

Since Belcourt was not able to be on hand when it arrived, local farmer Moses Peters took charge of the shipment and harnessed it to two teams of horses. The car was pulled twenty-seven kilometres from the Charlottetown docks to the church rectory in Rustico in the northern part of Queen's County. Once it was assembled, a disinterested reporter from the *Charlottetown Herald* offered only the barest of word sketches: The self-propelled

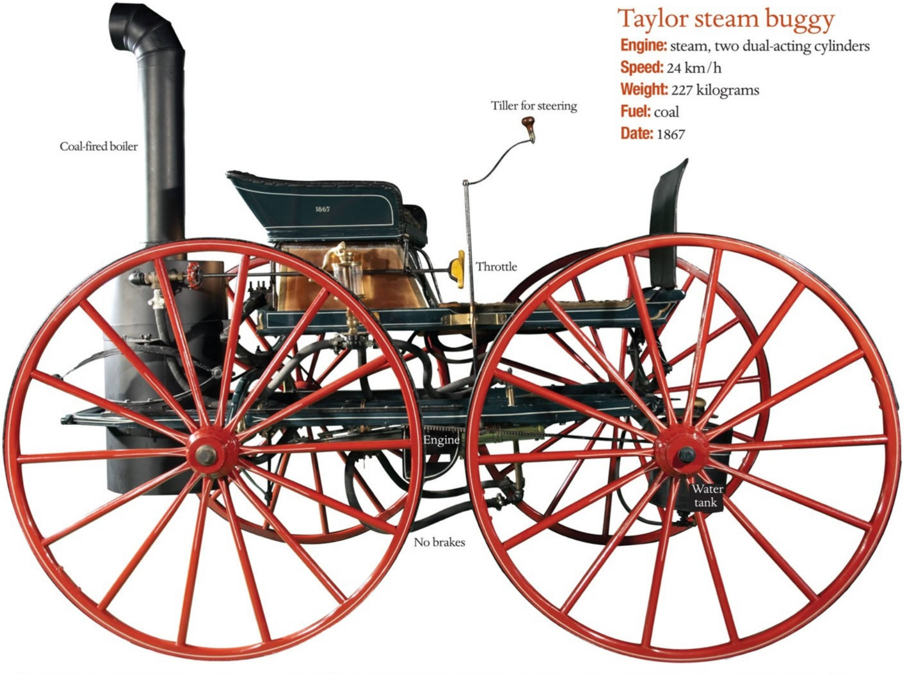
CANADIAN SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY MUSEUM

vehicle featured a single seat, its engine boasted two cylinders in V-formation, and the boiler was upright, measuring four feet in height.

Early reviews were positive. Belcourt unveiled the car on June 24, 1866, at a picnic held during the holy feast of St. John the Baptist. A reporter from the *Charlottetown Examiner* was on hand to record the event. In apparent obedience to the driver, the vehicle clipped along the road "at a fast speed" for a kilometre or so and then returned without incident, "after which the meeting dispersed in good order, all appearing well pleased with the day's proceedings."

A second demonstration did not go as smoothly.

In the book *The Catholic Church in Prince Edward Island*, Reverend John C. MacMillan describes what happened: "The starting point was near the church and for a short distance the machine moved in an orderly and well-behaved manner, but soon manifested a spirit of independence quite unusual in mechanical appliances, and put on a burst of speed without let or hindrance on the part of the driver. Presently it



Taylor steam buggy

Engine: steam, two dual-acting cylinders
Speed: 24 km/h
Weight: 227 kilograms
Fuel: coal
Date: 1867

Henry Seth Taylor's original Canadian-made steam buggy is on display at the Canadian Science and Technology Museum. Georges-Antoine Belcourt's car was likely similar in design.

CANADIAN SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY MUSEUM

1866

Father Georges-Antoine Belcourt brings a steam car from the U.S. into P.E.I. — probably the first car imported into the Dominion of Canada.

1867

Henry Seth Taylor of Stanstead, Quebec, completes construction of the first car made in Canada and unveils it at the local fair, where it promptly breaks down.

1907

McLaughlin, a carriage-making company in Ontario, starts producing a line of automobiles called the McLaughlin, then later the McLaughlin-Buick.

1915

Gray-Dort Motors starts producing cars in Chatham, Ontario. Before it ceases operations in 1925, it manufactures some 26,000 cars.

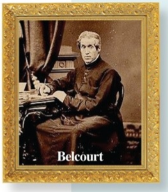
became altogether unmanageable, left the beaten track of its own accord and finally became entangled in a fence by the wayside where it came to a sudden and inglorious halt."

The wagon ended its bizarre journey in a twisted heap. Steam hissed from what appeared to be a dying body. Thus we have a record of Canada's first automobile accident. a year later ended in a similar fashion.

Belcourt ordered his steam-powered vehicle from Elijah Ware, an American inventor from Bayonne, New Jersey. His machine combined the attributes of a conventional carriage with a steam engine, and as such was a rudimentary automobile. Ware manufactured a number of these self-propelled vehicles between 1861 and 1867.

The self-propelled conveyance was just the kind of thing that would have appealed to Belcourt, who was ever the dynamic visionary. He was always looking for ways to uplift his impoverished and largely uneducated rural flock.

Some of his initiatives were very successful. He instituted a high school, as well as education for adults — the latter was available only to parishioners who did not touch alcohol. To keep money in local hands, he founded the Farmer's Bank of Rustico — Canada's first community-based banking establishment — a move that would inspire Alphonse Desjardins and his credit union movement.


Belcourt

The steam car, however, was not one of his stellar accomplishments.

"The extent to which Father Belcourt may have used the machine is unknown," writes Austin L. Bowman, a P.E.I. auto historian. "There is one story to the effect that he instructed his housekeeper to light a fire under the boiler and she complied by lighting a fire under the entire machine and almost destroying it."

It's uncertain whether that story is true. What seems likely is that Belcourt's experiment with the automobile ended after that fateful church picnic. History records that the steam engine was eventually sent to Pictou, Nova Scotia, for use in a tugboat. When it turned out not to be powerful enough, it was then used to power a threshing machine.

According to *Cars of Canada* by Hugh Durnford and Glenn Baechler, the engine was eventually sold in a wartime scrap drive. Possibly the metal was recycled into weapons — probably not what Father Belcourt had in mind as the final outcome for his visionary project.

Rebel in a black robe

Georges-Antoine Belcourt was born in Baie du Febvre, Quebec, in 1803, the eldest of eleven children. Although he possessed a natural gift for farming and was a highly skilled carpenter, he chose the life of a priest and missionary to the Aboriginal people.

A skilled linguist, he quickly mastered English and the Chippewan language, which gave him an edge over his colleagues when he arrived in Western Canada in 1831. He did not require an interpreter to communicate with the Chippewa and Métis people who lived in Manitoba's Red River Settlement.

For seventeen years, Belcourt dedicated his life to the betterment of the Aboriginal and mixed-race population. He promoted their education — editing the first Chippewan grammar book and a Chippewan language dictionary — and taught them to farm while instilling in them the tenets of the Christian faith.

He is also noted for being the priest who christened Louis Riel. He fought for his parishioners to be treated fairly by the British overlords, whose colonial expansion was moving westward and displacing Métis and First Nations. Belcourt went so far as to travel to London, England, in 1847 with a petition demanding that Métis land claims be recognized and that they be given a voice in government and have the right to trade furs freely. This put him into conflict with the Hudson's Bay Company, which had a monopoly on the fur trade.

While his petition was formally received by the British Parliament, and even politely studied, the priest was harassed by his foes. He suffered the indignity of having his luggage searched — for illegal furs — before being allowed to board the ship for the voyage home.

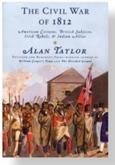
Upon his return, he worked with the Dakota tribe to the south, which was outside the jurisdiction of the HBC. But he continued to agitate for the rights of Métis. Belcourt left the Northwest on a vacation in 1859 and was never allowed to return.

1918
The McLaughlin family sells its interest to General Motors. Sam McLaughlin continues to run the company as chairman of GM of Canada.

1930s
The last of the steam cars — which were heavy because of their boilers — disappear from the roads as gasoline-powered internal combustion engines take over.

1962
The Acadian starts rolling off the GM of Canada assembly line and quickly becomes one of the most popular compact cars made in Canada.

1974
Production starts on the Bricklin SV-1, a gull-wing-door sports car built in Saint John, New Brunswick. Production of the car continues until 1976, with 2,854 cars built.


THE CIVIL WAR OF 1812
American Citizens, British Subjects, Irish Rebels, & Indian Allies
ALAN TAYLOR

FAMILY FEUD

The Civil War of 1812: American Citizens, British Subjects, Irish Rebels, & Indian Allies
by Alan Taylor
Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 2010
634 pp., illus., $40 hardcover

Just ahead of the War of 1812's bicentennial, Alan Taylor, professor of history at the University of California's Davis campus, has published a book on a conflict remembered by both sides as a series of setbacks climaxed by a famous victory. Almost no one before Taylor saw it as a characteristically savage civil war.

Not only does Taylor introduce a new image to a familiar topic, he sustains it throughout a daunting six-hundred-page book in which few, if any, of the horrors of war are ignored. Historians eager to contradict his new version of the war will have to contend with twenty-eight pages of bibliography and 110 pages of endnotes.

The conflict, Taylor suggests, reopened a civil war between the British and the Americans, better known as the Revolutionary War of 1775–1783, with the promise that Americans could eliminate the last vestiges of British rule with the enthusiastic aid of Canadians. Instead, the war deeply divided both Americans and Canadians.

Federalists, the more conservative of the two parties that dominated American politics after independence, saw no good reason for the war and a lot of excellent reasons to stop it. Republicans, in contrast, believed war with Britain would be immensely popular with their liberty-loving backers, and that victory would be easy, inevitable, and cheap. They expected that, thanks to the valour of all true Americans, it could be waged by untrained militia instead of by expensive, self-important regular soldiers, and that former Americans, drawn to Canada by nothing more than cheap land and nostalgic delusions, and then denied freedom by arrogant British officials, would welcome and join their rescuers.

Fully engaged in battling Napoleon's bid to conquer Europe, the British were exasperated by the pro-democratic parroting of the French emperor's only North American ally. They were expecting defeat in North America, believing the Americans would isolate Upper Canada by chopping the British supply line to the province and striking at Quebec. Instead, pro-war U.S. politicians sent armies westward to starve or die at Detroit or on the Niagara frontier.

Why didn't the Americans attack the St. Lawrence? The answer, claims Taylor, was a German-American multi-millionaire named David Parish, who had been given a vast parcel of land along the river at Ogdensburg, New York. Parish sold land to hundreds of impoverished settlers and could protect his investment only if Ogdensburg was left in peace.

When Republicans refused to raise taxes to pay for the war they had demanded, U.S. President James Madison needed every dollar Parish could lend his government, and so the region was largely ignored. In a republic, the scornful British might note, political influence easily trumps common sense.

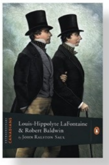
Perhaps the strongest reason for the American declaration of war in 1812, Taylor argues, was British support for the Indian nations struggling to retain the territories known on American maps as Ohio, Michigan, and Illinois, as well as the great prairie lands to the west. Indian support saved the British in Upper Canada — native war cries, Taylor reports, sufficed to terrorize American militia and sent them fleeing to protect their scalps and their sweaty bodies from desecration by brown-skinned "savages."

While denouncing the British for condoning ruthless atrocities by their native allies, U.S. commanders had no compunction about launching their own Indian auxiliaries against farms, families, and tiny communities north of the border. By 1814, following the self-righteous and uncontrolled savagery of American invaders — including state militias, Kentucky or North Carolina frontiersmen, and native auxiliaries — and of the remnants of Lieutenant Colonel Joseph Willcocks' renegade Canadian Volunteers, most Canadians had lost any longing to be Americans.

Whoever won the War of 1812, the First Nations certainly lost it. As in the past, British treaty-makers ignored old pledges of undying support. To get a desperately needed peace, American envoys pledged to return Indian lands, but the British knew the promises were unenforceable.

Signed late in 1814, the war-ending Treaty of Ghent would go into effect only after both sides accepted it, and the January 1815 British defeat at New Orleans effaced all the American humiliations in Canada and forced Britain to give up what her soldiers and allies had won. The Civil War was over. Everyone but the First Nations could claim victory.

Reviewed by **Desmond Morton**, the founding director of the McGill Institute for the Study of Canada and the author of forty books on Canadian military, political, and social history.



PRINCIPALLY RESTRAINED

Louis-Hippolyte LaFontaine & Robert Baldwin
by John Ralston Saul
Penguin Canada, Toronto, 2010
270 pp., $26 hardcover

You would expect nothing less from the general editor of Penguin's Extraordinary Canadians series than a riveting tale that forces us to think differently about some of Canada's most familiar historical figures. John Ralston Saul's contribution, *Louis-Hippolyte LaFontaine & Robert Baldwin*, certainly meets its mark.

On at least two occasions, Saul states that LaFontaine and Baldwin, the founding fathers of Canada's system of government, were pioneers in the politics of restraint and peaceful conflict resolution, leading the way for such future leaders as M.K. Gandhi and Nelson Mandela. The case is compelling, but runs so contrary to typical Canadian perceptions of our place in history that it seems, well, incredible.

Most Canadian high school graduates will vaguely recall responsible government as an example of how inconspicuous is our history, riddled with paperwork and constitutional pronouncements, and devoid of any real bravado and bloodshed. Saul rises to his own challenge for the series — helping Canadians see the cast of characters who shaped this pivotal time in our history "in a new and unexpected way."

His narrative is filled with plenty of drama. The first chapter begins with LaFontaine and Baldwin anxiously awaiting the arrival of Lord Elgin to give assent to a controversial bill just passed by Canada's first democratically elected Parliament. As the Governor General slowly navigates the rioting streets of Montreal, rocks and eggs are pelted at his carriage.

Would Elgin — would England — turn against the colonial Parliament? Saul examines the events leading up to this pivotal moment: the rebellions of 1837, the Family Compact, the Château Clique, Lord Durham's report, the Union Act, and the fight for a Canadian democracy.

In particular, this book traces the parallel lives of two principled Canadian-born men, one English, one French, who grow up in turbulent economic and political times that shaped their own ideas as well as their passion for justice and equality. The two reached the same conclusions and entered political life as reformers determined to create a unique Canadian brand of the growing global trend toward popular representation and accountability.

They became friends, and then overcame extraordinary electoral challenges, such as the barely imaginable yet nonetheless successful campaigns to keep each other in office by electing LaFontaine in Toronto in 1841 and Baldwin in Rimouski, Quebec,

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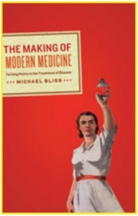

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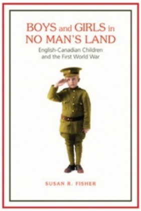
BOYS and GIRLS in NO MAN'S LAND
English-Canadian Children and the First World War
SUSAN R. FISHER

BOYS AND GIRLS IN NO MAN'S LAND
English-Canadian Children and the First World War
by Susan R. Fisher

'Readers will enjoy *Boys and Girls in No Man's Land* for its engaging examination of an important period in Canadian children's literary history. Fisher's analysis of how the First World War was understood by a largely overlooked segment of the population is persuasive, well informed, and valuable.'
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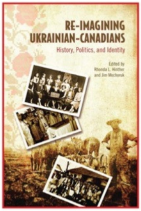
RE-IMAGINING UKRAINIAN-CANADIANS
History, Politics, and Identity
Edited by Rhonda L. Hinther and Jim Mochoruk

RE-IMAGINING UKRAINIAN CANADIANS
History, Politics, and Identity
edited by Rhonda L. Hinther and Jim Mochoruk

'*Re-imagining Ukrainian Canadians* takes Ukrainian-Canadian history in new directions with its strong group of essays, the quality of which is up with the best in the field.'
John Manley, *University of Central Lancashire*
9781442610620 | $35.00

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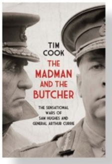
two years later. Finally, they secured a majority of seats in the 1848 election, and the "great ministry" began.

Readers familiar with Saul's earlier work *A Fair Country* will know how passionately he writes about the achievements of these men and their roles in laying the foundation for most of Canada's modern governance structures. Indeed, the advances they made within a span of three years would secure our system of parliamentary democracy, our judiciary, and our secular educational institutions, begin the construction of roads and railways, repeal colonial trade restrictions, and initiate bilingualism.

LaFontaine's confidence that the British parliamentary system would better protect the cultural aspirations of French Canadians inside a united Canada, and Baldwin's principled insistence that any union of Canada must be based on justice and equality for its francophone peoples, were visionary but unpopular ideas within their respective communities. That these men were able to lead the young country in such a leap of faith is remarkable. That they were able to accomplish all this without once resorting to the use of force is even more outstanding.

The likes of Gandhi and Mandela? It seems extraordinary, but that is precisely the point of the Penguin series. Saul packs two complicated lives into less than three hundred pages, but he's not satisfied with simply making their story readable — he incites us to become their champions, just as they were ours so many years ago.

Reviewed by **Deborah Morrison**, the Publisher, President and CEO of Canada's History Society.



TIM COOK
THE MADMAN AND THE BUTCHER
THE SENSATIONAL WARS OF SAM HUGHES AND GENERAL ARTHUR CURRIE

WORDS AS BOMBS

The Madman and the Butcher: The Sensational Wars of Sam Hughes and General Arthur Currie
by Tim Cook
Allen Lane Canada, Toronto, 2010
472 pp., illus., $36 hardcover

On a June evening in 1920, the citizens of Uxbridge, northeast of Toronto, gathered in the local Methodist Church to unveil a monument in honour of a deceased favourite son. The tablet and the community heralded the commander of the 116th Ontario Regiment, Lieutenant Col-

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onel Sam Sharpe, "a brave soldier," for helping save civilization in the recently ended Great War.

Nowhere during the memorial was it mentioned that of the 1,100 men whom Sharpe had personally recruited across the county only 160 had returned alive. Some said Sharpe had committed suicide because he couldn't face his hometown for losing nine of every ten men he recruited.

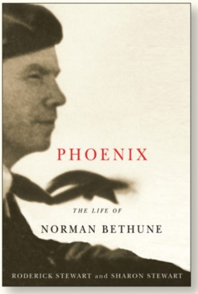
Similarly, as Tim Cook points out in *The Madman and the Butcher*, Sir Arthur Currie's funeral in 1933 attracted 150,000 mourners to the streets of Montreal, closed McGill University for a week, and prompted "a memorial service … in London's Westminster Abbey to mark the passing of one of the Empire's most prominent generals."

Cook writes repeatedly that Currie never received the acclaim he deserved as divisional commander for Canada's victories at Vimy, Passchendaele, and the war-ending Hundred Days campaign. However, the Great War historian at the Canadian War Museum makes it clear that Currie had blood on his hands too; the 1914–1918 war had cost Canada "60,000 dead and another 173,000 wounded in body, mind, and spirit."

Hence Currie's moniker "the butcher." Of particular interest to First World War history buffs is Cook's account of the final forty-eight hours of the war — November 10 and 11, 1918 — at the Belgian city of Mons.

Out of one side of Currie's mouth comes the later claim, "we could have taken Mons on Sunday, November 10, but it would have cost too much," and from the other side he reveals his obsession to command the Canadian Corps to capture Mons, "a symbolic victory, and one heeded throughout the Empire." Two hundred and eighty Canadians died during the advance on Mons. In all, the Hundred Days campaign would mean fame for Currie and misfortune for nearly 46,000 Canadians killed or maimed in the final three months of the war.

This is where the other half of the title, the madman, enters Cook's book. We learn that Sir Sam Hughes, the minister of militia and defence and the orchestrator of Canada's Great War effort in 1914, had scores to settle after his dismissal in November 1916. Among them was one with Currie, whom Hughes accused of "needlessly sacrificing the lives of Canadian soldiers." Any general ordering the last push on Mons in November 1918, Hughes continued, should be "tried summarily by court martial and punished so far as the law would allow."



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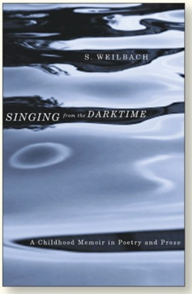
S. WEILBACH
SINGING from the DARKTIME
A Childhood Memoir in Poetry and Prose

Singing from the Darktime

A Childhood Memoir in Poetry and Prose

S. Weilbach

A voice of innocence and resilience in a cruel and frightening world with an afterword by noted Holocaust historian Doris Bergen.

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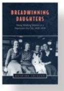
And so Cook sets the stage for a clash of titans. Although Sam Hughes had died in 1921, Arthur Currie chose to challenge a 1927 editorial published in the *Port Hope Evening Guide*, espousing Hughes' view that Currie "had conceived the mad idea that it would be a fine thing to say that the Canadians had fired the last shot in the Great War and had captured the last German entrenchment before the bugles sounded [the] eleven o'clock … armistice." Currie would sue the paper and publicly salvage his reputation.

Cook's manuscript, rich with detail about two warhorses and political combatants with the will and the skill to survive, reveals a unique war of words and personalities. Though they never faced each other across the floor of the House of Commons, nor in the Cobourg, Ontario, courtroom where the suit was contested, Cook brings Hughes back from the dead and Currie to the brink in a reconstruction of the trial.

And who wins? In this case, Tim Cook's growing army of loyal readers.

Reviewed by **Ted Barris**, who teaches journalism at Centennial College in Toronto. His latest book, *Deadlock in Korea: Canadians at War 1950–1953*, is available from Thomas Allen Publishers.

More Books



Breadwinning Daughters: Young Working Women in a Depression-Era City, 1929–1939
by Katrina Srigley
University of Toronto Press, Toronto, 2010
240 pp., illus., $24.95 paperback

Transforming Labour: Women and Work in Postwar Canada
by Joan Sangster
University of Toronto Press, Toronto, 2010
416 pp., illus., $35 paperback

As a child of post-World War II immigrants, I sometimes find it difficult to connect with Canadian history prior to 1949. When I opened Katrina Srigley's *Breadwinning Daughters*, it occurred to me how little I knew about Canadians' personal experiences of the interwar years.

For her book, Srigley collected a number of oral histories from women who lived in Toronto during the 1930s and combined these with insights drawn from leading historians and publications. Although there are definitely academic overtones in her writing, the interviews make the book a more intimate read and each chapter includes images that let readers put faces to names and stories.

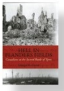
The women who participated in Srigley's project share many characteristics. Most evident are their resilience in accepting their place in the working world and, more sadly, their shared sense of loss and regret. For many, the Depression ended their dream of post-secondary education. For a few, that dream waited until after child rearing, when they became Canada's first generation of "mature students."

Where *Breadwinning Daughters* ends, Joan Sangster's *Transforming Labour* begins. Compared to Srigley's book, Sangster's exploration of women and work in Canada after World War II is lengthy and sometimes heavy reading.

Sangster examines policy decisions and systemic practices of government departments and labour organizations. She also devotes a whole chapter to Aboriginal women, looking at the specialized nature of the work they did in their local economies as well as the federal government's depiction of their move into white-collar labour.

Both of these books offer intriguing insights into the lives of individual women in the workforce, and together they develop a context that challenges common notions of Canadian women's experiences before and after the Second World War.

— **Tanja Hütter**



Hell in Flanders Fields: Canadians at the Second Battle of Ypres
by George H. Cassar
Dundurn Press, Toronto, 2010
424 pp., illus., $36 hardcover

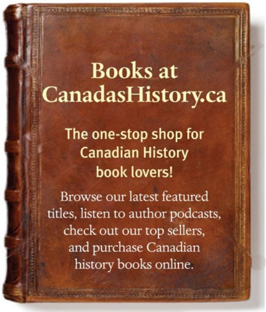
Hell in Flanders Fields is a newly updated version of George Cassar's *Beyond Courage*, originally published in 1985. The book recounts the story of the 2nd Battle of Ypres, a pivotal moment in the First World War.

In an attempt to break the stalemate of trench warfare in April 1915, German forces deployed chlorine gas for the first time on the Western Front. While two French divisions virtually disappeared, the untested First Canadian Division was thrown into its first significant combat to fill the gap in the line.

Despite more than half of front line soldiers being killed or wounded, or going missing, the Canadians held their ground.

The updated version of the book includes additional personal accounts, which are now more "trendy," according to Cassar, as well as a wider selection of sources that are more readily available thanks to the Internet. Updating the maps would have been equally beneficial, but Cassar's account is nonetheless extremely detailed and provides excellent insight into an otherwise confusing battle that was shrouded in poison gas.

— **Joel Ralph**



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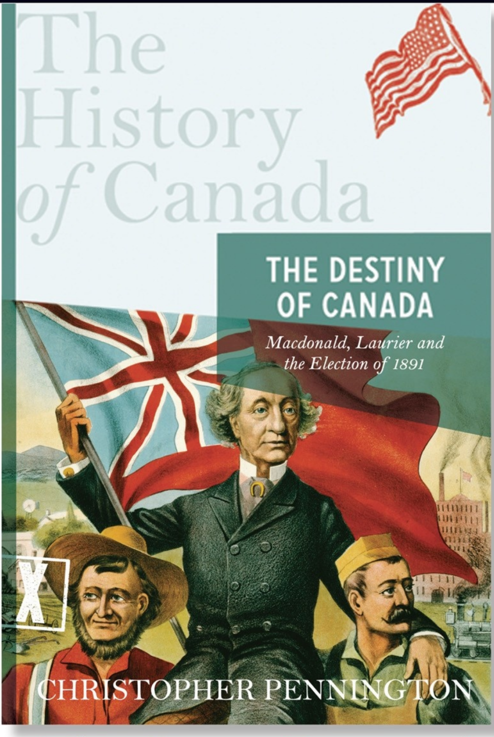

An Election to Remember

As 1891 began, long-time Conservative Prime Minister Sir John A. Macdonald, the "Old Man" of Canadian politics, was preparing to face off against a new opponent, Liberal leader Wilfrid Laurier.

In an era where corruption and patronage were commonplace, the press extremely partisan, and a majority of adults precluded from voting, two issues stood out above all others: the race-and-religion question, concerning tensions between Catholic French Canadians and Protestant English Canadians, and the so-called "destiny of Canada," regarding the country's potential future either as a part of the British Empire or as drawn ever more into the sphere of influence of the United States.

In The Destiny of Canada: Macdonald, Laurier, and the Election of 1891, *University of Toronto Scarborough professor Christopher Pennington notes the passionate interest in politics among late-nineteenth-century Canadians and their respect for the institutions of democracy.*

Pennington writes that Macdonald enlisted the help of advisors such as Quebec MP and Cabinet minister Joseph-Adolphe Chapleau to shore up his electoral prospects.

The Call to Arms

by Christopher Pennington

According to Chapleau, not even the Roman Catholic Church, so thoroughly loyal to the Conservative Party in elections past, could necessarily be counted upon: "The different bishops of the Province must be seen and a common action determined upon to control the lower clergy which is lost to us in a greater measure than we are ready to admit. A large proportion of the clergy look to annexation as the dawn of an era of greater liberty and comfort to them."

This was unfortunate news, because in the campaign to come the race-and-religion question was, as usual, likely to have a greater impact in Quebec than in the English-speaking provinces. Premier Honoré Mercier, who still maddeningly controlled the province after his triumphant re-election in June 1890, would make sure that neither the "corpse of Riel" nor English Canadian opposition to the passage of the Jesuits' Estates Act would be soon forgotten.

Then, of course, there was Wilfrid Laurier. Never before had a French Canadian Roman Catholic led a federal party into an election, and the pull of sentiment — the desire to vote for the hometown boy — ought not to be underestimated. It was not just his background that was appealing, either. Macdonald did not know Laurier well, but he recognized that he was a much stronger opponent than the indecisive, hand-wringing Edward Blake.

How the Liberal leader performed in the campaign might well determine the outcome in Quebec, where, like Ontario, a great many constituencies would be closely fought and a small change in the popular vote might give a slew of vulnerable Conservative seats to the Opposition. If that happened, the prospect of re-election would be grim for the prime minister.

Macdonald did not take long to chew over the information that his intelligence network — the vast correspondence that flowed to and from his desk — had furnished him. On February 2, as rumours swirled around Ottawa, he quietly notified Governor General Lord Stanley of his wish to dissolve Parliament and enter into an election campaign. His request was duly granted. A notice appeared in the Conservative newspapers the next morning that official nominations would take place on Thursday, February 26, and the election would be held on Thursday, March 5.

The Tory explanation for the dissolution, received with derision by the Grit press, was that the government was on the cusp of negotiations for partial reciprocity with the United States, and wished to have a fresh mandate from the people before proceeding. It took nerve to call an election for a reason as transparently phony as that. Macdonald had called the election now to give his party the best odds of winning, and that was that.

Now there were campaign logistics to consider. For the moment Sir John would remain in Ottawa, conducting business both at Earnscliffe and his office in the East Block of Parliament. Cabinet meetings had to be held before ministers departed to direct the campaign in their respective territories, and for Macdonald there was still the Department of Railways and Canals to run (even during campaigns the business of government had to be attended to, a significant disadvantage for ministers).

After wrapping up matters in Ottawa, he would, as usual, move to Toronto and direct the campaign from there. His wife Agnes would remain at Earnscliffe, however much she might wish to be at his side. Her absence from the campaign trail would not affect his judgment, for Sir John had never allowed Agnes to play the role of political advisor. But it would mean for him that the weeks to come would be solitary ones, totally absorbed by the needs of the party. Macdonald's secretary Joseph Pope would be his only constant companion.

Pope was concerned as always for the health of the prime minister, knowing that he would be "insensibly drawn into the conflict" and would have difficulty refusing the incessant demands of the party. On the eve of the campaign, however, he noticed that Macdonald was in good spirits. Indeed, he seemed to be energized now that his course was clear. Resting at home at Earnscliffe on the evening of February 2, after his consultation with the Governor General, the Old Man decided to get started on the party platform. He disappeared into his study and was there still, holed away in his rambling manor overlooking the Ottawa River, as the lamps burned low and long into the night.

Three days earlier, in the early morning hours of January 31, 1891, Wilfrid Laurier gazed wearily out the window of the overnight train that was speeding toward Toronto's Union Station. There was nothing to see outside, but he found it impossible to sleep. It had been a jarring ride from Montreal, following on a similarly jarring overnight train from New York, and with no scenery to distract him there was at least time to think. Laurier had crucial decisions to make, for the election was imminent and the Liberal Party had to be hurriedly readied for the contest. Plus, he had a fire to put out in Toronto, a potential disaster, which absolutely had to be dealt with before the campaign began in earnest.

His trip had been brief and somewhat calamitous. He had been to New York City to attend the annual dinner of its Board of Trade and Transportation on January 29 and to give a speech titled "The Future of Half a Continent" before a distinguished American crowd. He had been scheduled to speak late that evening, but at ten o'clock the U.S. secretary of the treasury, William Windom, finished speaking and then died of a heart attack in front of his horrified audience.

There was nothing for Laurier to do after that but go back to his hotel, wait out the next day, and then return to Montreal. With election talk swirling and the probable line of attack against the Liberals being that they were too cozy with the Yankees, the optics of the Liberal leader scurrying home from the United States were, well, regrettable. But that could not be helped. Laurier had too many things to put straight now to worry about appearances.

His first order of business was to make sure that the party was placed immediately on the best possible campaign footing. There was no denying that the election call was coming sooner than expected, and that to some extent the Liberals had been caught flat-footed. After all, the government was not even four years into its term. There was no pressing reason for an election, and Sir John A. Macdonald had pledged not to call one until after the next parliamentary session and after the 1891 census had been completed.

The latter business was important. It had been ten years since the previous census, and without waiting for a new one, the election would be held using constituency boundaries that were perilously out of date. (This was not good for the Liberals, since the boundaries had last been redrawn by the Conservative Party through legislation that was referred to in Liberal circles as "the Great Gerrymander of 1882." This act, in concert with the Franchise Act of 1885, had been intended by Macdonald to give the Conservatives the advantage in future federal elections.)

A more immediate problem would be the disenfranchisement of tens of thousands of first-time voters who would not appear on the old lists, which had not been updated in two years. For this reason alone, calling an election so precipitously was arguably unfair and irresponsible. Many Liberals had honestly believed that Macdonald would not break his pledge, but really, they should have known better than to trust the Old Man on such a vital matter. There would be much Liberal complaining about the unfairness of the call in the early days of the campaign, but it would go for naught. They would have to build on the preparations already made, and those varied considerably across the country.

From *The Destiny of Canada: Macdonald, Laurier, and the Election of 1891* by **Christopher Pennington.** Copyright Christopher Pennington, 2011. Reprinted with permission of Allen Lane Canada.

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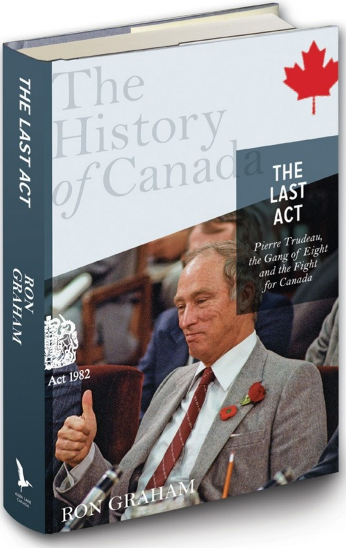
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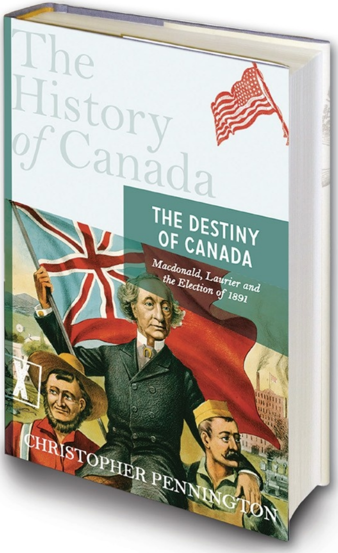
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Home sick

Anthropologist Paul A. Erickson explores how Halifax handled the world's most devastating pandemic.

Troops arrive in Halifax aboard the SS *Orduna* in 1918. Soldiers returning from the Great War brought the Spanish flu to Canada.

MCCORD MUSEUM

When I was growing up, part of our family story was the tragedy that befell my grandmother when Spanish flu killed her husband and two brothers within a single year. That was 1919 in rural Michigan, when times were tough. My widowed grandmother had to raise three young children, and, so the story goes, her perseverance became a family trait. I never thought much more about the flu until 2003, when predictions of a pandemic involving SARS reminded me that Spanish flu was linked to World War I. For many years I had lived in Halifax, the Canadian city most affected by the Great War — and also very much affected by the Spanish flu.

Medical historians debate where Spanish flu began. In his bestseller *The Great Influenza* (2005), John Barry makes a compelling case that it began in rural Kansas, early in 1918. A soldier then carried it to a nearby military camp, where in March it caused an outbreak among soldiers living in overcrowded barracks. From there, it spread to other military camps and soon to Europe, where in the spring it became so debilitating that it hampered the conduct of the war on both sides.

In the fall, flu returned to North America with troops on ships. Its virulence was unprecedented. In Labrador, one third of the Inuit population died. In some isolated northern communities, mortality rates reached eighty-five percent, with entire villages wiped out; unfed dogs ate the corpses. The final death toll in Canada was 50,000 out of a population of 8.2 million. The worldwide death toll has been estimated to range from 20 million to as many as 100 million and exceeds that of any other pandemic in history — even AIDS and the medieval plague.

Unlike most influenzas, its victims were frequently young and healthy and often died within a day of a severe pneumonia attack, suffocating as their lungs filled with fluid.

In 1918, Halifax was swollen with wartime activity and still reeling from the devastating Halifax Explosion of December 6, 1917. During the summer, a hospital ship imported flu into the city, but it did not spread. In mid-September, local newspapers began to report on flu in Massachusetts, which had sent help to Halifax after the explosion. Flu soon broke out among American soldiers in Sydney. By early October, flu struck several other Nova Scotia communities, including Halifax.

On October 3, the Halifax Board of Health declared flu a public danger. A quarantine hospital on Lawlor's Island at the entrance of Halifax Harbour was full, and the navy began sending patients to a military hospital on Cogswell Street in central Halifax. Within forty-eight hours, the board ordered the closing of all theatres, schools, churches, colleges, and places where people congregate indoors. These measures ought to have garnered great attention, but in October 1918 they were overshadowed by news of the routing of Germany and the anticipated end of the war.

By mid-October, the situation in Halifax worsened and became a real emergency. Newspapers published the number of new cases and deaths almost daily. The flu hit all areas of the city, rich and poor alike. Meanwhile, a rumour surfaced that Germany had caused the epidemic by secretly releasing sick sailors from submarines.

Men wear masks in Alberta during the Spanish flu pandemic of 1918–19.

CANADIAN PRESS

On October 17, to curb the growing threat, the Board of Health took further action. It closed billiard parlours and all retail stores after six pm. Restaurants could remain open for only eight hours a day. Until then, most Haligonians had accepted the board's measures, however reluctantly. But these more drastic measures eroded public support. Critics called them counterproductive, because people simply jammed into stores in order to get their shopping done early, making the shops crowded and the flu more likely to spread. Special interest groups lobbied to have the measures relaxed.

The epidemic raged for another two weeks. Then, in early November, officials became cautiously optimistic that it was waning. On November 6, with colder weather promising to slow it even more, the board lifted most of its public restrictions. On November 8, Governor Samuel McCall of Massachusetts visited Halifax to see how the city was recovering from the explosion of the year before. In an abrupt policy reversal, officials encouraged Haligonians to turn out in large numbers and thank the governor for his support.

The decline of the epidemic in Halifax coincided with the days leading up to the signing of the armistice on November 11. Anticipation of the end of the war helped Haligonians put the worst of the epidemic behind them. On November 11, jubilant crowds packed the downtown on Barrington Street in prolonged celebrations.

News about flu began to disappear from local newspapers almost as rapidly as it had appeared. But health officials warned Haligonains to remain vigilant; the disease hung on until early 1919.

In the end, the containment measures likely helped Halifax escape the worst of the outbreak. About two thousand Haligonians out of a population of about 54,000 probably contracted it, and close to two hundred of them died — a mortality rate lower than the Canadian average.

Spanish flu serves to remind us how, in ways not always recognized, World War I came home to roost.

TINA LOO

Fertilizing democracy

Pushback over potash sale rooted in ignorance of history.

ANNUAL
MEETING
OF SHAREHOLDERS

PotashCorp CEO Bill Doyle during a break in the annual general meeting on May 6, 2010, in Saskatoon.

CANADIAN PRESS

Flashing lights. A thundering bass line. Screams and whistles. The crowd parts and suddenly he is there.

Justin Bieber about to take the stage? Georges St. Pierre about to leap into the octagon? Not exactly. The object of the frenzied high-fives and fist bumps was a middle-aged man in a suit and tie. If it weren't for the noise and the pompoms no one would have noticed him. After all, he was walking through the business school at the University of Saskatchewan in the middle of the academic term. He was Bill Doyle, president of the Potash Corporation of Saskatchewan Inc. (PotashCorp) and he was on campus for "Ten Million Reasons to Cheer," a pep rally for PotashCorp, which, over the years, had donated that amount to the university.

As it turned out, the rally was just a prelude to the larger roar of approval that greeted the Harper government's announcement shortly afterwards that it was blocking the sale of PotashCorp to the Australian mining multinational BHP Billiton because the offer didn't meet the "net benefit" test. From the student union presidents of both Saskatchewan universities, to the premiers of Alberta, Manitoba, and Quebec, to organized labour and First Nations, it seemed almost everyone from left to right and east to west was against the takeover and backed the decision.

Whatever else it might have been — a comment on the state of student radicalism in the twenty-first century, perhaps? — the fall of 2010 was a rare moment of unanimity in federal-provincial relations regarding resources.

It was also an argument for including history as one the Seven Habits of Highly Effective People. Had BHP Billiton president Marius Kloppers and his team been schooled in Canada's history, they might not have been as shocked as they appeared to be by the storm of populist protest that greeted their takeover attempt and by the "political" decision rendered by the Conservative government.

As students in any "Intro to Canadian History" class learn, resource rights have been a sensitive issue in the West since Confederation. Canada's four original provinces retained control over natural resources under the British North America Act, as did British Columbia and Prince Edward Island when they joined the country in 1871 and 1873.

By contrast, the Prairies came into Confederation under different and unequal terms. Citing the need to build the transcontinental railway and to colonize the West effectively, Ottawa — controversially — kept control over the natural resources of Manitoba, Alberta, and Saskatchewan. It wasn't until 1930 and the passage of the Natural Resources Transfer Act that the prairie West managed to shed its status as Canada's colony.

Although the Prairies have wielded control over their resources for more than eighty years, all of us live with the legacy of their unequal beginnings. Doubtful of Ottawa's ability to act in the interest of all Canadians equally, the region's politicians are pit bulls when it comes to guarding their resource rights. Just when suspicions would subside, another controversy would erupt, stoking the fires of alienation in a new generation of Westerners. There was the Crow Rate, a rail-transportation subsidy that was popular with Western farmers because it made shipping their grain and importing the machinery they needed less expensive. Passed at the end of the nineteenth century, it was supposed to last "forever," but it was modified over the twentieth century before it was done away with entirely.

Then there was the National Energy Program, a set of federal government initiatives designed to achieve greater Canadian ownership in the oil and gas industry and to redistribute the wealth generated from that industry to the federal government and Central Canadian consumers. When Alberta and Saskatchewan tried to offset their loss of revenues by levying royalties on oil and potash exports, Ottawa gave Westerners another reason to be incensed: It disallowed the legislation, arguing that taxing exports was a federal not a provincial power.

While the power to review foreign investment lies in Ottawa, this history and the culture of alienation it generated suggests that outsiders looking for a piece of the action would do well to spend a good deal of time in Regina and Saskatoon exorcising the demons of a colonial past to ensure the success of any future takeover.

This is especially the case when those demons are so often joined by the spectre of George (*Lament for a Nation*) Grant and the ghosts of economic nationalists past. Opposition to BHP Billiton's proposed takeover was sometimes couched in language that hearkened back to the Trudeau years. Concerns about Canadian sovereignty and particularly about the foreign ownership of Canadian industries led the federal government to investigate and then regulate investment in the national interest. The powerful rhetoric about the "silent surrender" of sovereignty to multinational interests that was so effective in the 1960s and '70s was deployed again in 2010 — this time to defend provincial power.

As proficient in the lessons of Canadian history as BHP Billiton was untutored, Saskatchewan Premier Brad Wall managed brilliantly to tap into the wellspring of nationalism to beat back the Australian bid, challenging the federal government to approve a deal that was, in his view, anti-Canadian. People from all over the country agreed, insisting on the need to protect "our" potash.

Maude Barlow, chair of the Council of Canadians, put it this way: "When you hand over all the power over these resources to international investors … you lose control, you lose the ability to take care of your local economy, your local environment."

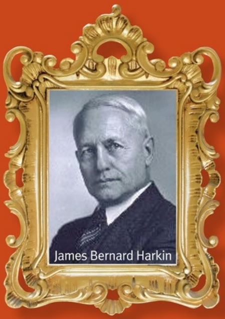
What got lost in the debate was that Canadians didn't own the pink rock anymore. Not unless they were shareholders in PotashCorp, a private company headquartered, as Prime Minister Stephen Harper reminded his fellow citizens, in Chicago. Most people forgot — or never knew — that Saskatchewan had privatized potash in the 1980s, ending PotashCorp's life as a Crown corporation. Nevertheless, despite giving up direct ownership, the provincial government, not Ottawa, still had the power to make laws relating to the development, conservation, and management of Saskatchewan's potash. In directing people's attention to the feds, Premier Wall was also deflecting it away from an inconvenient truth; namely that his government could impose whatever regulations it saw fit on any company — whether it's PotashCorp or BHP Billiton — involved in the exploitation of its resources. Remembering the circumstances of their entry into Confederation, Saskatchewan, along with its western neighbours, made explicit recognition of provincial control over resources in the 1982 Constitution Act (s. 92a) a condition of their support for its repatriation. That fact too got lost in the Ottawa-bashing.

Indeed, the heady cocktail of Western alienation and Canadian nationalism that Wall and his supporters served up was so powerful that it rendered most of us blotto. The lampshades we wore hid the ideological contortions that allowed a right-of-centre provincial government to insist it was a free enterprise party at the same time as it denied shareholders the opportunity to decide on a takeover bid. The province also called for federal intervention in the market as well as protection for what to some is a cartel; namely, Canpotex, the firm that manages the export of all of Saskatchewan's potash outside of North America.

We need to realize that history, like potash, is a strategic resource. Knowing the past gives us a perspective from which to evaluate claims about the present and directions for the future.

What better net benefit could there be than an investment in historical understanding? Call it fertilizer for democracy.

University of British Columbia historian Tina Loo comments regularly in *Canada's History*.



In the June • July issue of Canada's History

Atomic Outpost

Uranium City's boomtown days are long over. But some people remain attached to the place, radioactive waste and all.
By Arn Keeling.

Terry Fox

Thirty years ago, Canada lost one of its greatest heroes. A recall of the final days, and the enduring legacy, of Terry Fox, who died in June 1981.
By Leslie Scrivener.

Father of Canada's Parks

Civil servants are rarely seen as heroes. But James Bernard Harkin did more than anyone to build Canada's superb system of national parks and historic sites.
By Ted Hart.

Debatable history

Efforts to sensationalize Canada's history wars do us a disservice.

William Thorsell, the former director of the Royal Ontario Museum in Toronto.

TARA WALTON/GETSTOCK.COM

Shouldn't a historian of Canada be thrilled? On a cold January weeknight in Toronto, I was in a swirling crowd some six hundred strong, and all of us had paid twenty-five dollars to cram, standing room only, into the main hall of the Royal Ontario Museum for a Canadian history debate.

The event was doubly special because it was the Royal Ontario. For the most part, the ROM doesn't do Canada. Its historical collections are superb when it comes to classical Greece, Ming dynasty China, or Renaissance Europe. But outside natural history, its Canadian materials are skimpy. Toronto does not have a museum of Toronto, a museum of Ontario, or a museum of Canada. We have the ROM instead.

In recent years, the ROM's charismatic director, William Thorsell (now retired), fought to assert his museum's role as a vital element of the Toronto cultural landscape. And that brought Canadian questions into his sights. In September 2009, Thorsell presided over a ROM debate to mark the 250th anniversary of the Battle of the Plains of Abraham. His curators complemented the event with displays of such treasures as Benjamin West's great *The Death of General Wolfe* painting. The ROM may not have much Canadiana, but what it has is some of the best.

But the ROM's Plains of Abraham debate that night hardly matched its Plains of Abraham painting. On one side stood Parti Québécois warhorse Bernard Landry, who leavened his ranting about humiliation and oppression with nostrums about New France he must have picked up from the nuns in 1950s schoolrooms. For the other side, Jack Granatstein fulminated about Quebecers' ingratitude for all Canada has done for them. The history was mostly drivel, but the evening provided the ROM with the kind of buzz Thorsell craved — and a full house, too. Early this year, the ROM came back with more history debates — a series of four that it lavishly promoted under the title History Wars.

But Canadians who take their country's past seriously may regret being drafted into these history wars. The ROM's debates are less about history than about current controversies — abolishing the monarchy, attacking multiculturalism, reviewing Trudeau's legacy, defending Riel's execution — and half the debaters are not historians but prominent polemical journalists such as David Frum, John Fraser, and Haroon Siddiqui. *C'est manifique, mais ce n'est pas l'histoire*. It is hard to find a historian on the program who is under retirement age. Does the ROM not know of any new research or fresh perspectives from historians of Canada?

Finding my way into the hall, I could not help remembering how the ROM accompanied its recent brilliant exhibition Terracotta Warriors with many fine presentations by leading-edge scholars and artists of China. Indeed, the ROM has always offered lively and accessible lectures and performances by first-rate speakers and experts on everything from ancient civilizations to early twentieth-century couture.

But when the subject is the history of Canada, the ROM — one of Canada's leading research museums — seems to veer unerringly from seriousness and sophistication to tabloid sensationalism. Even wit and taste have gone AWOL from the History Wars program. "Louis Riel Deserved to Hang" — the most "historical" of the topics in the series — seems almost intended to offend the still-marginalized Métis minority of Canada. If the ROM so needed to be provocative, wouldn't "John A. Macdonald Should be Convicted of Genocide" have been a bolder, fresher take on the same question?

As the room filled, I wondered if the ROM might be reflecting a widely held attitude in its disdain for taking our history seriously. In recent years, we have seen huge and laudable efforts — and considerable spending — in the cause of strengthening Canada by teaching more history. But most of that effort is directed at schoolchildren. Canadian history is so important for the kids, I often hear. And who can disagree? But it seems many Canadians suspect Canadian history is only for kids. What future has Canadian history if even the ROM, that great repository of research, and sophistication, and seriousness about our human inheritance, thinks the only way to talk to Canadian adults about Canadian history is through manufactured controversy and relentless presentism on obvious questions.

The January debate — the first in the series — was between Michael Bliss and newspaperman John Fraser on the question of abolishing the monarchy. Monarchist Fraser stuck mostly to sentiment and jibes, but abolitionist Bliss's constitutional conundrum had real sting: The Governor General, our practical head of state, is "a referee appointed by the home team," he argued, and one day that reality is going to bite us. It was a stimulating debate and provoked vigorous comments and questions. We six hundred got our money's worth, sure.

But as I made my way home, I dreamed of what the mighty brains and resources of the Royal Ontario Museum could create if it occurred to them to offer genuinely adult discussions on genuinely historical questions about this country.

Christopher Moore comments in every issue of *Canada's History*.

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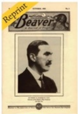

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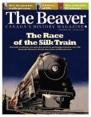

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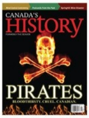

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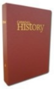

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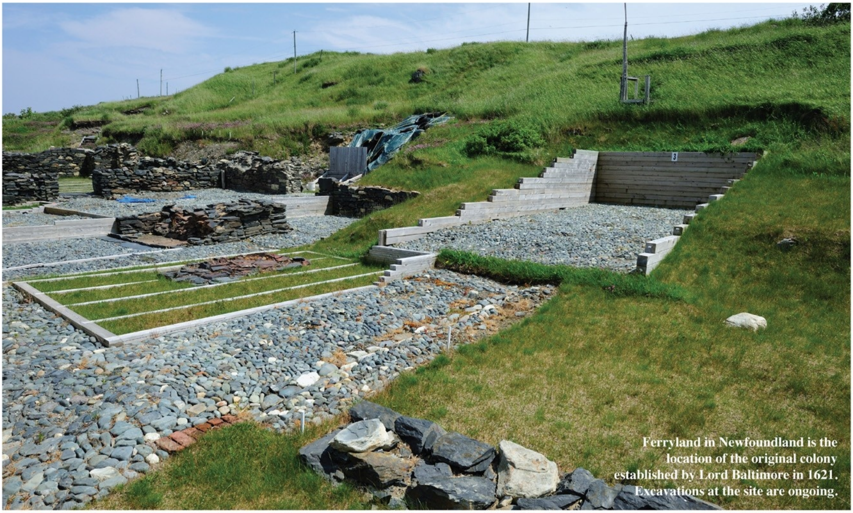
Sailing for Avalon

Victoria Dickenson discovers the small colony in Newfoundland that time had buried.



Ferryland in Newfoundland is the location of the original colony established by Lord Baltimore in 1621. Excavations at the site are ongoing.

ISTOCK

In 1627, Sir George Calvert, Lord Baltimore (who would later found an eponymous town in the warmer climes of Maryland) sailed to the cold shores of the new-found land to inspect his holdings in the New World.

He named his new colony Avalonia, inspired perhaps by his taste for Arthurian romance, and possibly by his hope that this might truly become an isle of the blessed.

Ferryland, the settlement at the heart of his new colony, had already been an important fishing station for over a century, since John Cabot sailed over the cod-filled waters of the North Atlantic in 1497. Located on the Avalon Peninsula, south of modern-day St. John's, its name in Portuguese was Farelhao, or "steep little island." In French it was Forillon, or "point." And so it is — a long, high tongue of land reaching out to sea and sheltering the pool where ships could find safe anchorage from howling gales.

By the time Baltimore dropped anchor in the pool, accompanied by his wife and some of his many children, the settlers he had sent out six years earlier had built a sturdy "mansion house" under the shelter of the Down [the fortified hill used for sighting ships and for protecting houses and inhabitants], as well as a brewhouse, a salt works, and a row of buildings along a "prettie street" paved with stone.

Today, thanks to the efforts of Memorial University's archaeological unit and the province of Newfoundland and Labrador, you can once again walk along the little street and see where Calvert's men built their wood and stone houses.

You can admire the ingenuity of their drains and gaze out to sea from the edge of the pool. You can examine the latest finds from the ongoing archaeological excavations. At the interpretation centre, chat with a cook in the restored kitchen. If you're lucky, you can sample warm bread by the hearth. End your visit at the gift shop — one of the best-stocked on the island — by purchasing an accurate reproduction of the sgraffito bowls or puzzle mugs found on the site.

My favourite spots in the Colony of Avalon, however, are the gardens. Close by the interpretation centre is the herb garden, overflowing with scented plants for the kitchen and pharmacy — feverfew, yarrow, catnip, bee balm, comfrey, lungwort, tansy, and wormwood. Across the way, tucked safe from the wind behind its wooden walls, is the lady's garden with cobbled paths of smooth beach stone and beds of scented roses.

There were, of course, kitchen gardens protected from roving sheep by wattle fences.

These are now replanted with a traditional vegetable cornucopia. In the 1620s they grew beans, peas, "raddish as big as mine arme," lettuce, kale, cabbage, carrot, and turnips — ingredients that still inform the local cuisine in Jiggs' dinner or pea soup.

You can walk the beach in Ferryland and visit the local museum that follows the later history of the colony. Or you can read Wayne Johnston's marvellous *Baltimore's Mansion* and see the place through his charmed eyes. And if the weather is fine, as it often is in late summer and early fall, book a picnic and take it to the lighthouse at the end of the point, where artist Gerald Squires once had his studio. Sit and wait for whales to rise from the deeps.

You may linger in Ferryland, but you should know that just "up the shore" (or "down the highway," as mainlanders would say) is the town of Renews, or Rougnouse, where Jacques Cartier hauled out his boats for repair on his second voyage in 1536, and where the *Mayflower* is thought to have stopped for provisioning in 1620 on its way into American history. You can go further along the highway and pass into the other world of the Barrens, that strange archaic land on the southern shore where caribou, ptarmigan, and snowshoe hare wander the treeless moors.

At the very tip of Avalonia, you will find another interpretation centre, but this one tells the story of a habitation in a place so old that we humans were not even a dream of a dream. The Ediachron fossils at Mistaken Point are some of the very oldest evidence of life on earth. Scientists from all over the world make pilgrimages to view these strange fern-like animals that once lived in the shallows of ancient seas. Wear sensible shoes and walk out to the point with a guide — the site is now a protected ecological reserve with aspirations of becoming a UNESCO World Heritage Site.

If you are tired and hungry, you can find fish and chips or a classic turkey supper in Trepassey, whose great, deep harbour had seen Breton fisherman in 1508, French warships in the 1600s, Irish settlers in the 1800s, and, in 1928, Amelia Earhart's seaplane en route to yet another date with a different history.

The Colony of Avalon is approximately an hour's drive from St. John's on Highway 10. The road takes you through towns with names like Bay Bulls, Witless Bay, Tors Cove, and Calvert.

You can make a long day trip around the whole Irish Loop, following the road to Aquaforte, Cappahayden, Trepassey, and on through St. Vincent's. There, in whale season (usually late June through August), you can sit on the long shingle beach and, thanks to peculiar underwater geography, watch the humpbacks leap only metres off the shore. Return through St. Mary's to St. John's along the Trans-Canada Highway. Or you can stay a while and trace the path of Baltimore, Cartier, and even Champlain as they sailed near these rough and lovely shores.

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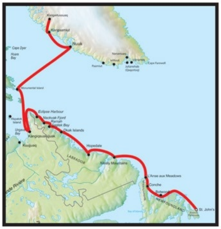
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Must-see TV

Where is all the great Canadian history programming? by Deborah Morrison

On Easter weekend twenty years ago, a curious series of sixty-second history mini-movies debuted in two television specials produced by CBC and Radio-Canada. *Heritage Minutes* was the response to a challenge put forward by Montreal billionaire Charles R. Bronfman to make stories about Canadian history as compelling as anything American television could offer.

This was an ambitious goal. Canadians had been watching television for almost four years before the first Canadian broadcaster went on air in 1952. With American programming so entrenched and popular, developing a prime-time hit with original Canadian content — never mind historically based content — has been a huge struggle. In 1991, only *Road to Avonlea* came close.

And so countless hours and millions of dollars were invested in a team of television creators, educators, and historical experts who, over the span of the next decade, would produce the most ubiquitous and recognizable Canadian historical series produced. At the time, executive director Thomas Axworthy hoped *Heritage Minutes* would spark a renaissance in original content programming that focused on history.

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For a while, it seemed to have worked. As the millennium drew nearer, each year saw a growing number of history productions commissioned. Shows like *The Valour and the Horror*, *Dieppe*, *Bethune*, *The Boys of Saint Vincent*, and *Million Dollar Babies*, were both popular and controversial. In 2000, CBC's groundbreaking bilingual series *Canada: A People's History* aired with record-breaking audience statistics. In the years following, it seemed history might even make the transition to reality television with shows like *The Greatest Canadian*, *Ancestors in the Attic*, and *Who Do You Think You Are?*

But by about 2005, the shows just stopped running. In the past two years, it's been difficult to spot a *Heritage Minute* — and they're distributed to broadcasters for free. It's hard to understand why — audience ratings for these shows have generally been good, and surveys reinforce this with two in three Canadians stating they watch at least one history-themed television program a year.

Michael Levine, then-executive producer of *Heritage Minutes* and now head of the charitable Historica-Dominion Institute that owns the series, acknowledges there has been a decline in this genre of programming in recent years. He surmises that this is "not so much a declaration that Canadian history was dead, but rather a function of the economy." He's optimistic that as the economy improves so too will the breadth of history content, not only on TV but also on alternative audio/visual platforms.

Let's hope he's right. The current year's English broadcast network lineups don't include a single Canadian history production series or special — unless you count *The Don Cherry Story*. Searching History Television's website for Canadian history shows yields only two entries, the most promising being a single episode of *Ice Road Truckers*.

To be fair, we at Canada's History Society know that programming is expensive, and we know there are several new history-based productions in various stages of development — some documentary, some drama, many reality-based. We also know there have been significant changes in the broadcasting landscape that take time to reconcile. New ownership configurations present new opportunities for investment; the world of popular media is more complex than it was twenty years ago. It's true that more and more Canadians, particularly younger ones, are getting their entertainment online or on their cellphones, but television still matters.

Multi-platform content will continue to be driven by print and television content. It's vital to ensure that quality history stories remain an essential part of the Canadian programming mix. We're holding our end up on the print side and we'd love to work with producers and broadcasters to ensure that history is never seen as passé with this generation of viewers.

The 2011 season lineups are typically announced at the end of April. Let's all be watching … not just for the announcements, but watchging the shows themselves. Because, ultimately, it's the audience that matters for the future of history on TV.

Deborah Morrison is the Publisher, President and CEO of Canada's History Society.

Market moments

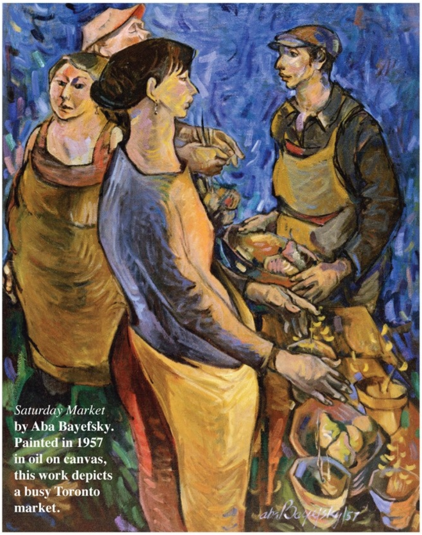
Edra Bayefsky fondly remembers visiting Toronto's busy markets with her father, artist Aba Bayefsky.

In 1937, at the age of fourteen, Toronto teenager Aba Bayefsky went to the movies. The film showing that day told the story of Rembrandt. When Bayefsky left the theatre, his mind was made up — he would be an artist. That is how it began. For the rest of his life, until a mere few days before his death in 2001 at the age of seventy-eight, he painted the people and places of Toronto with an enduring passion.

At fifteen, Bayefsky began attending art classes at the Children's Art Centre under Arthur Lismer of the Group of Seven. Students were taken on sketching trips around the city, where Bayefsky discovered the two great Toronto markets that remain vibrant to this day — Kensington and St. Lawrence. He was seventeen and a student at Central Technical High School when he began assisting in art classes.

At nineteen he enlisted in the Royal Canadian Air Force. He was appointed an official war artist in 1944 and was given an assignment close to Bergen-Belsen concentration camp. Bayefsky noted: "My professional work as an artist has been permanently shaped by the events occurring during and after the war."

He blossomed at Central Tech under the tutelage of important artists like Carl Schaefer, Charles Goldhammer, and Peter Haworth. There he began to see people and their everyday lives as a focus for art, and the market became a source of inspiration to which he continued to return. In his daily journal he wrote, "The market has been like a magnet." He described it as being "full of life" and "busy as the devil."



Saturday Market **by Aba Bayefsky. Painted in 1957 in oil on canvas, this work depicts a busy Toronto market.**

ABA BAYEFSKY ESTATE

For decades, St. Lawrence and Kensington markets have been centres of buying and selling a wide array of fruits, vegetables, meats, breads, and cheeses. From the 1930s through the 1950s they were also places for people to gather and exchange political views. The busiest market day, as Torontonians know, is Saturday. I remember my father taking me as a child, down to Saturday market and my favourite vendor in his white smock bending over to hand me an expected small slice of Polish sausage.

My father did many pencil sketches of market scenes, and I can still smell the heady aroma of cheese, the fresh bouquet of the produce, and the delectable scent of fresh bread every time I look at his market images.

His large oil paintings of markets are now in private and public collections, including that of the city of Toronto. Canadian author and art expert Paul Duval wrote that while art fashions were coming and going through the decades, Aba Bayefsky did not stray from his "dedication to humanity."

He became an instructor in fine art at the Ontario College of Art from 1957 to 1989, and taught drawing classes from 1967 to 1978 at Hart House at the University of Toronto. It is not uncommon for someone I meet to tell me that they studied under my father.

He continued to paint and sketch, even while on thrice-weekly dialysis treatments for the last ten years of his life. He was appointed to the Order of Canada in 1979.

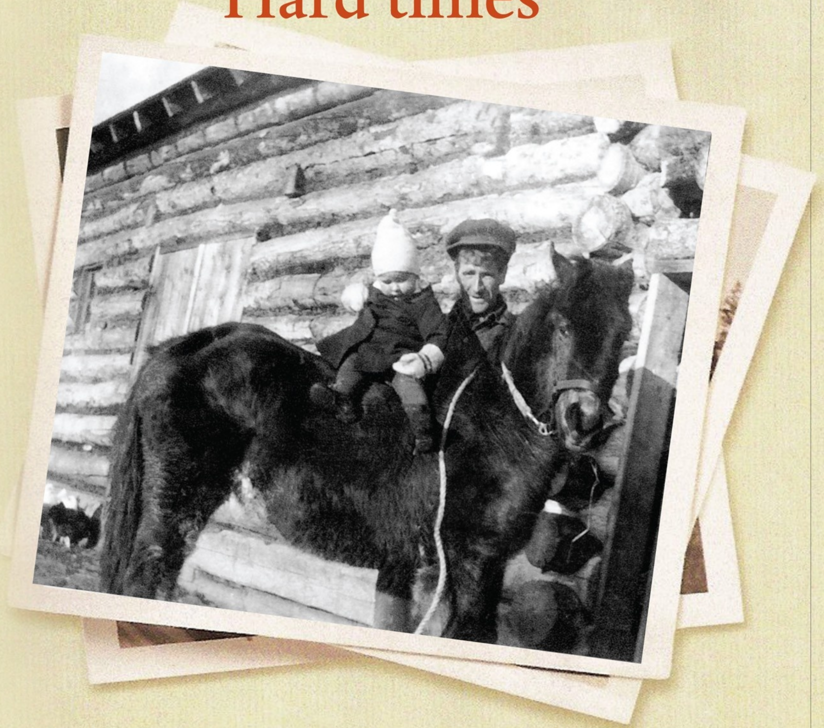
The major galleries and critics largely ignored him, and the art marketplace follows their lead today. Despite this, he continued to paint and I learned first-hand the value of being true to yourself. I carry the weight of knowing that what he wanted most never happened — an exhibition at the Art Gallery of Ontario.

I often walk through the still-bustling St. Lawrence Market, which is close to my workplace. I look at the vendors and wonder how they would have appeared in my father's work. Thanks to him, I see them in a different light — and I realize what a great record he left of the people of Toronto.

Edra Bayefsky has worked for many years in libraries in Ottawa and Toronto and enjoys studying chemistry at the University of Toronto.

Dona Norton is the eldest child of Coverdale and Anna Patterson and resides in Owen Sound, Ontario. Text by Beverley Tallon.

Hard times



Coverdale (Pat) and his brother Goldwin (Goldie) Patterson were adventurous young men from Priceville, Ontario. They moved west to Mayerthorpe, Alberta, where they acquired land from the Crown, and constructed a log house and a barn.

When World War I started, they enlisted in the army. Goldie joined up but was killed in France in 1917. Pat was turned down.

In 1918, Pat married a young Norwegian girl, Anna Johanssen, and Dona was born the following year. With three more children in quick succession, and their mother's health failing, they sold the Alberta farm in 1925, settling in Dundalk, Ontario.

A fourth child was born, and Pat got work as a farmhand for fifty cents a day. Eventually he got a job at H.C. Moodie's Mill for thirty-five dollars a month. The family's newfound stability soon ended when their mother died in 1929 and their father died in 1931, leaving the children to be cared for by relatives.

Young Dona is shown here in simpler and happier times with her father holding her on his horse by the log house he and his brother had built.

Do you have an old photograph that captures a moment, important or ordinary, in Canada's history? If you would like to submit it for possible publication, have it copied (please don't send priceless originals) and mail it to Album, c/o Canada's History, Bryce Hall, Main Floor, 515 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, MB R3B 2E9. Or email your submission to album@CanadasHistory.ca. Include a brief description of the photo, including its date and location. If possible, identify people in the photograph and provide further information about the event or situation illustrated. To have your posted submission returned, please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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